

FEBRUARY 25 — MARCH 3, 1978

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Evie's Weekly

**ANNOUNCING
THE
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**ATA:
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to
Tourism**



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What every mother should know about starting her baby on solids



"When should infants be started on solids?"

When your baby is about three months old, just milk is no longer enough for proper all-round growth. He now needs food that will give him extra energy and nourishment. And this is supplied by semi-solids. It is, however, best to ask your doctor first. He will be the one who will be able to advise you as to whether your baby is ready for solids or not. Some babies who develop faster are ready for solids sooner than others. Remember, there are no strict rules about when your baby should be given solids. But generally it is agreed by doctors that from three months onwards, infants need something more substantial than just plain milk.

"How to choose the right solid food for my baby?"

Your choice should be a solid food that is nutritionally complete. Food that contains, in right proportion, all the necessary elements and ingredients to provide optimum nourishment to a growing infant. A food that is complete with proteins, fats, carbohydrates, vitamins and iron.

"Why is it important that a weaning food should be nutritionally complete?"

The first year of your baby's growth is vital for proper brain and body development. During this time babies need nutritionally complete food. Food which is well-balanced, containing the right proportions of proteins, fats, carbohydrates, vitamins and iron. A baby needs optimum nourishment during his early development.

"My doctor recommended Cerelac. Is it because Cerelac is nutritionally complete?"

There is full-cream milk, cereal and sugar in Cerelac and it is enriched with vitamins and iron. Cerelac has in well-balanced pro-

portions proteins, carbohydrates and fats. Cerelac contains all the necessary elements



your baby needs, from 3 months onwards for proper growth. That is why mothers all over the world make Cerelac the first solid food for their baby.

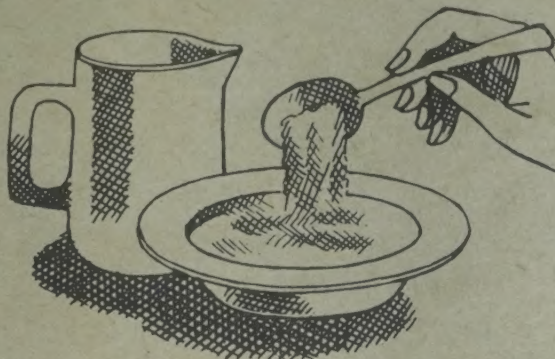


"Does Cerelac taste good?"

Cerelac is delicious! Try it yourself. Umm... it tastes lovely. For variety add to Cerelac mashed and boiled fruits like apples, papayas and bananas. Your baby will love it. You can vary the recipes according to the fruits of the season, or serve it with honey or just plain. Either way, your baby will fall in love with Cerelac. Spoonful after loving spoonful!

"Cerelac is convenient, but is it hygienic too?"

Cerelac is instant. All you do is add Cerelac



to pre-boiled water to make a complete meal in seconds. The pre-added full-cream milk, cereal and sugar, ensures a feed that is most hygienic and nutritious.

What is the best time for a Cerelac meal?"

Give your baby Cerelac after his mid-morning bath. Watch him enjoy his meal. At the age of about four months one serving of Cerelac, will replace one bottle feed per day.

Remember!

**Cerelac®
MAKES YOUR
BABY GO, GROW,
GLOW.**

Cerelac is enriched with fats and carbohydrates to make your baby go, proteins to make him grow and vitamins and iron to make him glow! Give your baby Cerelac from three months onwards for all-round growth.



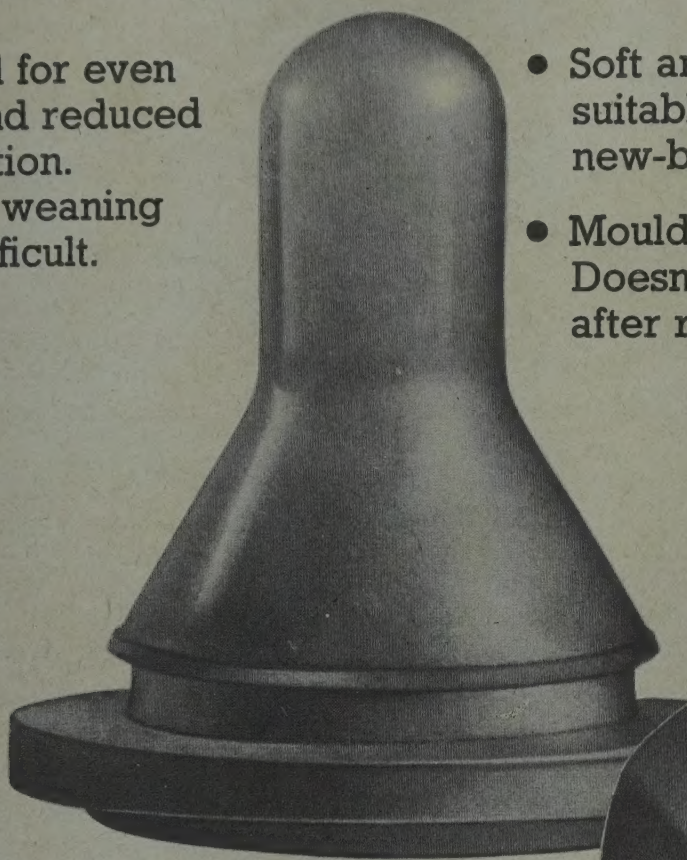
NESTLE

**The complete infant cereal food
so easy to make, tastes so good!**

PAPU NIPPLES

What makes them different, also makes them the best.

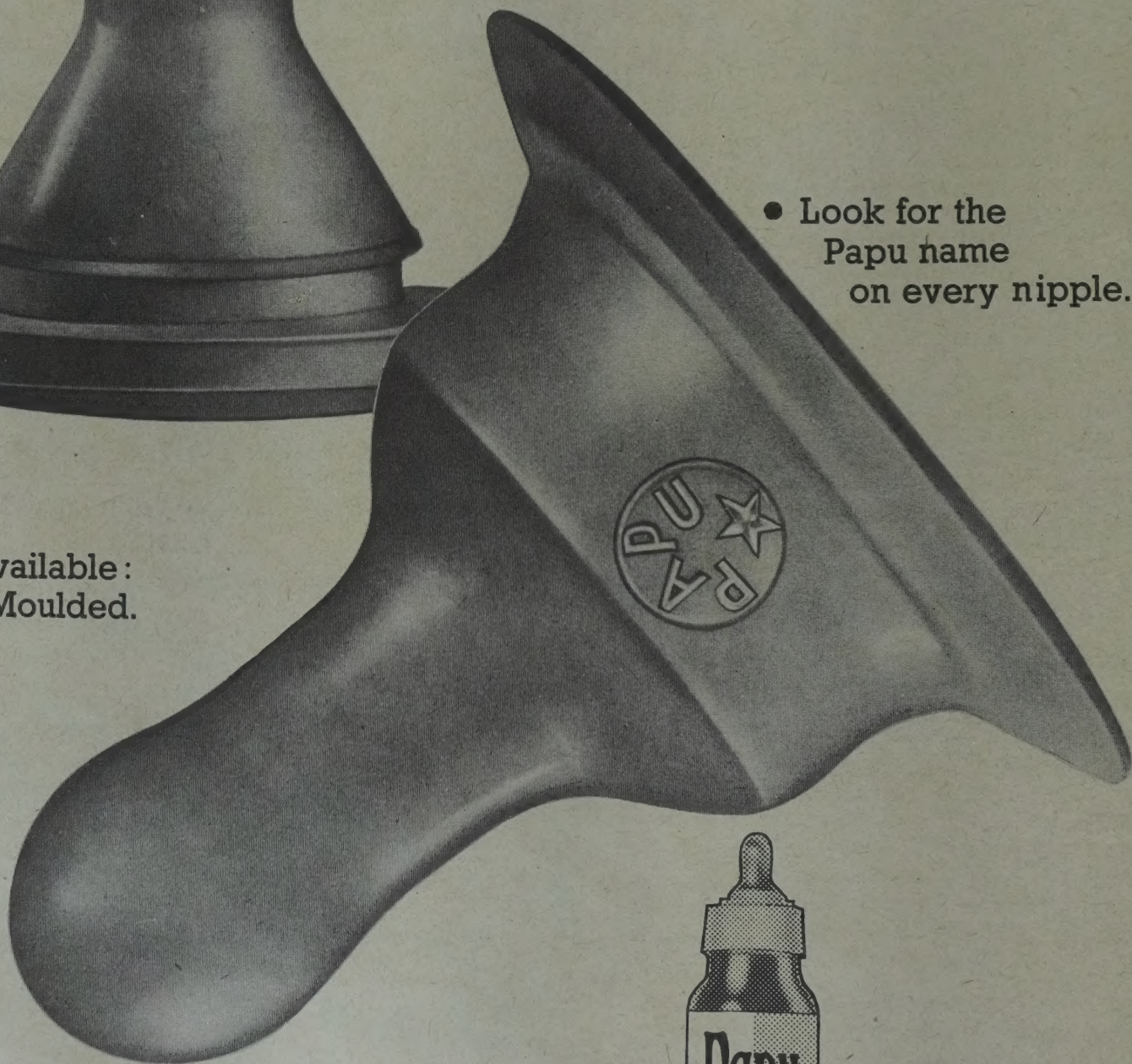
- Shaped for even flow and reduced air suction. Makes weaning less difficult.



- Soft and odourless—suitable even for new-born babies.
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- Look for the Papu name on every nipple.

- Two varieties available: Transparent & Moulded.



Babycare that mothers trust



Papu

Feeders and Nipples



ANITA REDDI

Intelligent and attractive, Anita has had a brilliant academic career. She passed with distinction from St. Anne's High School and is doing her Senior B.A., at the Elphinstone College, Bombay. Fond of debating, she takes an active part in college elocution competitions and was also a Jt. Secretary of the debating society.

Ambitious and career minded, Anita intends to specialise in Business Management. An up-coming model, she finds both live and commercial modelling "exciting." She spends most of her leisure hours in reading, and loves western dancing and rock 'n roll music.

Asked about her views on marriage — all in the right time, she says. This friendly and career-minded girl has one ambition—to travel all over the world and meet lots of people.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter.

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"SELLING" INDIA

Should a country be "sold" like any consumer product? A critical study of the methods employed by the Government to induce more foreign tourists to visit India.

Page 9



I.T.D.C. CAMPAIGN

This vast country offers innumerable sports for adventurous youth, and the foreign tourist is largely ignorant of the South — its temples, beaches and hill resorts.

Inducing the young to travel, and putting the South on the tourist map...

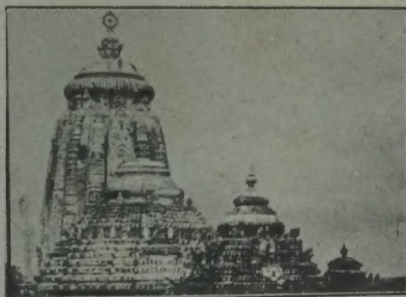
Page 11.

PATA CONVENTION

The 27th Annual Convention of the PATA brings home to the 2000 delegates India's ancient culture and modern amenities.

And these delegates are potent forces in the tourist trade of the world, who can help raise our tourist trade substantially.

Page 16.



TRAVEL DELIGHTS IN EASTERN INDIA

With Calcutta as base, one can travel through three states — Bengal, Bihar and Orissa — and visit a number of places rich in historical, cultural and scenic splendours.

Page 15.

ALSO

The magic beauty and the ineffable peace of the hill stations of the South — Ootacamund, Kodaikanal, etc — Page 21. Nagpur city, which so many travellers pass through but so few bother to visit, can be the base for a rewarding tour of the region which has much to offer the tourist — Page 43. The prize winning entry gives a piquant twist to the "half-story" by Mayah Balse — Page 40.

REGULAR FEATURES

Your page, Horoscope/7, Comics/19, Knitting/23, Fashion/26, Story/28, Cookery/34, Film star/39, Frankly Speaking/44, Medical/45, People and Events/48, World of Eve/49, Madam I'm Adam/50.

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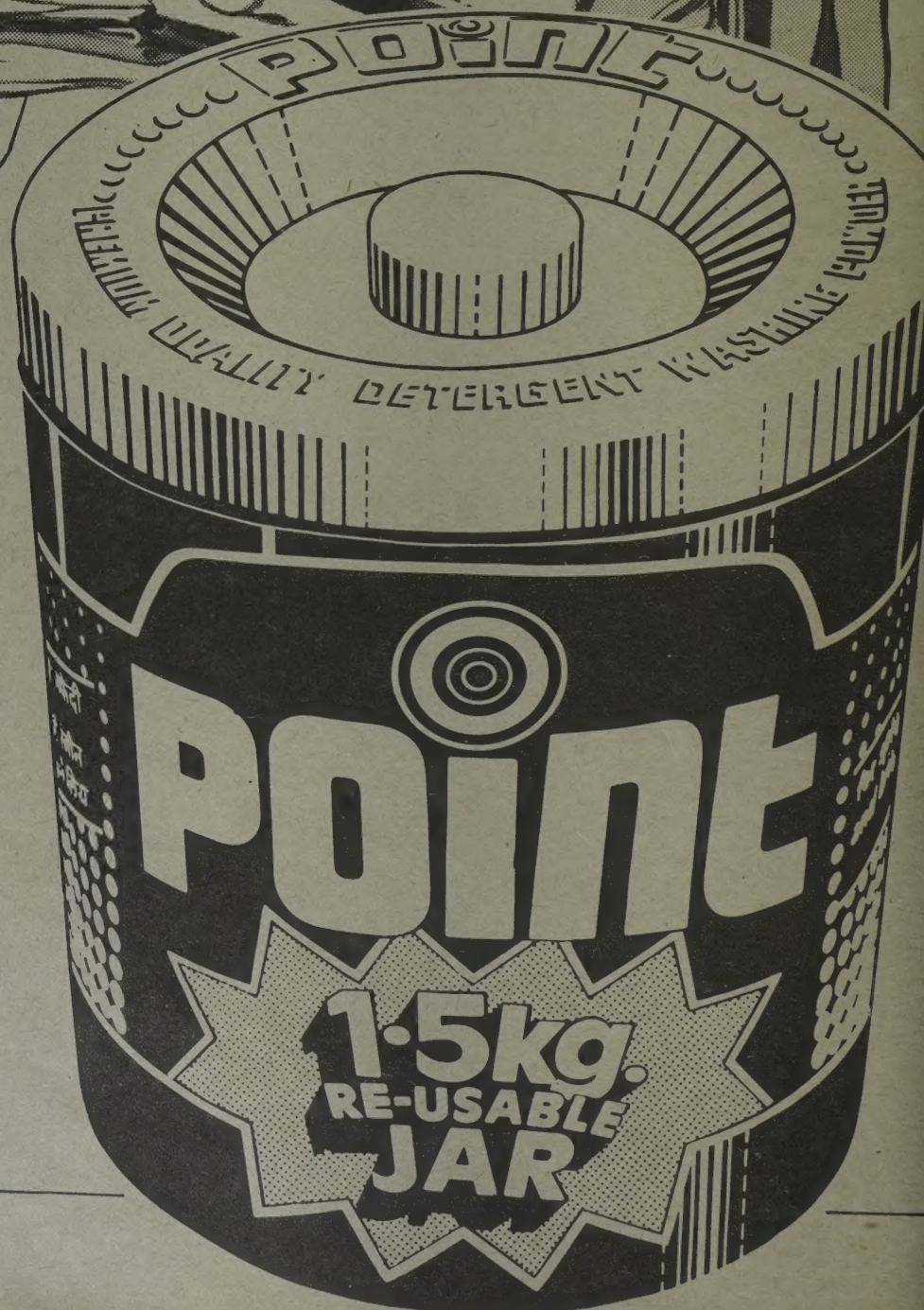
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anything to say?
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three best letters.



FEAR OF DEATH

It is odd, but true, that we human beings are incurably eager to know what the future holds for us and yet refuse to face squarely the one thing that we can be certain about — death. There is a curtain of silence that we draw around the subject — to speak of death is bad manners, an ill-omen; it denotes morbid thinking. We describe death in dim, brooding colours and shapes and when it visits us, we mask it with flowers, incense and lights. Scientists are now trying to discover a pill which will postpone, if not banish, the dreaded event. And yet I wonder how many of us would welcome and embrace immortality in this world. Paradoxical as it may sound, life is made up of many deaths and this is what makes it tolerable and worthwhile. We leave babyhood behind in order to emerge into the world of childhood; childhood yields place to adulthood and so on through life we die many deaths in order to make fresh beginnings. What we fearfully imagine to be the final one is not an end of life but the awakening into a new one!

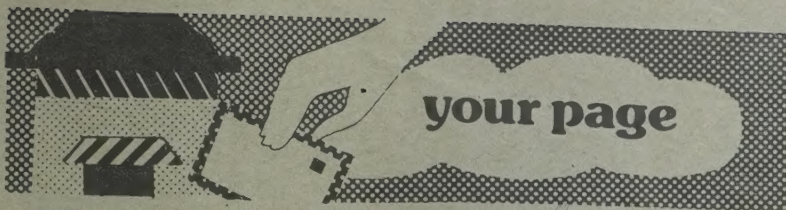
Leela Ramaswamy,
Bangalore

Try telling that to most people — more especially to those who see their young die before them. Immortality is neither practical nor even desirable, but death, except for those who analyse it sensibly and philosophically (as you have done), does bring fear and revulsion. However, it must be every person's endeavour to banish morbidity from thoughts of death.



WHY ME?

Like all tragedies it is only after the bolt has struck that one wonders at the complacency that preceded. When an unsuspecting wife realises that her husband has been unfaithful to her, she asks herself, un-



endingly, the heartbreaking question: "Why me?"

I recently read an article "The Unfaithful Husband" which told of how American wives are dealing with marital infidelity, other than turning a blind eye or divorce — both extreme measures. These wives take an objective and introspective view, delving deep for a reason which might lie with either or both partners — not with a view to justify, but to rectify. There is less of a tendency to brand an errant husband as a man incapable of honouring a lasting commitment, nor always as an indication of his lack of love for his wife.

Faced with such grave odds, if a woman makes this effort for the salvation of her marriage I'd say hats off to her — she is a brave and strong woman, indeed.

Daphne Khan, Hyderabad

But, it doesn't always work. No matter how much you analyse your husband's infidelity, you are going to remain hurt and angry. The fact remains, however, that the American wives are now doing what the Indian woman has practised for centuries: Keep quiet, don't fight, it will all blow over!



THE DIFFERENCE

My servant and I delivered on the same day. She reported for work within fifteen days while I was still in the scarf-on-the-head-and-slippers-on-the-feet stage. By the end of two months the infant accompanied its mother to work, and would play and sleep on its own while I was shushing everyone as mine slept. By the time they were both four, mine was at school, spoilt and extremely jealous of the new-born brother while hers was already almost an adult, helping the mother and looking after the younger two siblings. Isn't it sheer luck which keeps the poorer class healthy and alive? The children do not get even the

basic necessities of life.

This thought was reinforced the other day when I saw a poor woman walk into a delivery room, one just-born, with its cord intact, in her hands and a second one delivered within ten minutes. Whether she or her babies lived or died mattered little to her husband, I suppose. He had four other children at home and would remarry if anything happened to their mother. What a waste of precious lives! Is life so cheap in India?

Veena Adige, Nagpur

Makes us feel ashamed, doesn't it? Or, at least uncomfortable? There are many lessons both the privileged and the poor can learn from this.

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

I recently lost my father. We, his immediate family, were enveloped in a morass of despair and grief. And, amidst the cloud of sorrow, glimmered reality and the necessity of being practical about our responsibilities.

My father had always strongly aired his views on the numerous rituals and feasts performed after death. "It is not a time for merry-making," he would say; "keep a man happy during his lifetime, and do not waste your time and money on meaningless ceremonies and feasts after his death." We debated doing away with it all, till our elders said it was very necessary for the appeasement of the soul. Not having the courage of our convictions, we went through it all, torturing ourselves with the questions: Should we? Should we not? Until it was over. And our questions still remain unanswered, and we keep hoping we have done the right thing.

Sabita Radhakrishna,
Madras

When submerged in grief, people let others make decisions for them. You allowed the elders in the family to impose their will on you — may be their arguments concurred with your traditional upbringing. Rituals and ceremonies do not mean anything; why not decide now not to impose such strictures on the younger generation?

this week
for you

K. H. Shroff

For the week Feb. 25 — March 3.

ARIES (March 21 — April 19) Short journeys likely. Peaceful conditions with relatives reduce tension. Success at exams. Take care against fires and accidents. Favourable days: 2, 3.

TAURUS (April 20 — May 21) Money and popularity from parties. New friends for the young. Lucky in love. Recovery of lost pets and mislaid valuables. Favourable days: all days.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21) Life companions for unwed Gemini-ans. Success in legal matters. Response favourable to negotiations. Favourable days: all days.

CANCER (June 22 — July 22) Make no changes in present status or joint ventures even if provoked. Domestic life and romance happy. Favourable days: 27, 28.

LEO (July 23 — Aug 23) Amicable settlement of problems. Legacy or unexpected monetary gains likely. Preferment in job. Favourable days: 25, 26.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22) Take leave, go to health resort for health. Sainly person brings luck. Journeys to distant lands likely. Favourable days: 27, 28.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22) You rebound from emotional setback and make changes. Recognition and esteem for your talents. Favourable days: 2, 3.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) Mixed week. Planets help you solve problems despite Saturn. From March success over enemies, rivals. Favourable days: 25, 2.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21) Do not overexert. Good results in partnerships and joint ventures. Romance and social parties fruitful. Favourable days: 26, 3.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19) Opposition to your ideas melt away. Your house of money and position favoured. Domestic and emotional sides good. Favourable days: all days.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) Mental side disturbed by environment and futile discussions. Services and sacrifice remain unrequited. From Feb. 3, good results start. Favourable days: 26, 27.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20) Good week; make decisions and efforts to achieve objectives. Emotional rapport excellent, inspiring week for artists. Favourable days: all days.

THE GOLDEN SUN...
THE CARESSING WIND...
LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL...

BUT EVERY DAY
SUN, WIND AND DUST DRY OUT
THE PRECIOUS MOISTURE
FROM YOUR SKIN

MAINTAIN THE MOISTURE
BALANCE WITH MAX FACTOR
SATIN MOISTURIZER



Tender pink Satin Moisturizer is a double beauty aid. The fine film it spreads over your skin protects it from the drying elements and harmful dust—at the same time supplies just the right amount of moisture to restore the natural loss. Satin Moisturizer lives up to its name...gives your skin that relaxed, fresh, youthful look...and life is beautiful!

Light'n smooth Satin Moisturizer is perfect as a night nourisher too.



FROM THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF **MAX FACTOR**... NATURALLY

Selling India. That's what it is. Under the Government of India's Department of Tourism. Advertising India like any commodity for sale — and advertising it in the worst possible way, too — glossing over unpleasant facts, giving only half the picture, even telling outright lies.

Even if you subscribe to the view that to be successful on the international tourism scene you need to compete with other countries to attract tourists to yours, you will agree that you have to discriminate in the methods you use. You can't sell something that is decaying and twisted up just because it constitutes something "different" in a fast changing world.

But that is exactly what our tourism policy makers are doing. They emphasise in their propaganda, as they must, just those phenomena that are peculiarly and distinctively Indian. But the focus falls mainly on those features that are distinctively Indian only because they are so outdated and incongruous as to appear alien and "exciting" in the rich American and European tourists' world of experience.

The rotten old customs which oppress our people and which we

*With tourism
having become a
business,
countries are
advertised like
products*

would like to see broken forever are described as "quaint" and "charming." The suffocating woman imprisoned in her burkha becomes a "mysteriously veiled woman," while the snake-charmer, eking out a living from a dying profession, is made out to be a symbol of the "inscrutable Orient," and congested streets, choking both vehicles and pedestrians, become "ancient, narrow, twisting lanes hoarding as it were a myriad historic secrets."

Not only are orthodox conservative beliefs extolled as part of our unique culture, even people living in humiliating conditions of life are portrayed as tourist attractions. As though the reality of their situation wasn't already bad enough, they are paraded like exhibits. For example, our "colourful tribals" and "hardy hill folk", who live a "lifestyle untouched by centuries," — the Adivasis, are the ones most abject in their poverty, steadily being displaced from their traditional preserves of land and occupation, forced to wander to the cities and subsist in competitive conditions without any

of the skills required by urban employers. The harsh circumstances in which they live are slowly wiping out their own distinctive and beautiful features which distinguish them from the mass of urbanites.

Again, tourism brochures show women bending over lush plantations, looking coyly at you over their shoulders. In fact, they are grossly underpaid and overworked, and exploited as a mat-

leisure where life goes on unhurriedly, where the people are old-worldly and gracious, their attitudes hardly touched by the troubles of today." (Is that a virtue?) Is India that? What sort of a stagnant Lotus-eaters' paradise are the brochures trying to portray? And to whom?

The glossiest brochures (and the best hotels and travel agencies) are directed towards the foreign tourist of a peculiar type — the rich white American and European. It is this colonial hang-up that explains our tourist trade's orientation. That is the principle behind the way tourism propaganda is carried on. There is nothing "exotic," "mysterious" or "quaint" about India to the Arabian tourist, to the Iranian, the Chinese, the Indonesian, the Thai, to the African. Each of these comes from an old and fabled civilization himself,

tourists who come here blind to the injustice that exists in their own countries who can be taken in by such propaganda. This is the class of tourist at which all our tourism propaganda is directed.

That is why the brochures and commentaries of the tourism department seem like invitations given to nawabs by vassals, who happen to be living, even in this century, in a land of milk and honey — "luxury hotels and jet airlines and airconditioned cars and continental meals and people who speak English" (no less) "...skiing and trekking and polo and golf...fabulous silks, colourful handicrafts, curios, brooding carvings, pristine marble, strangely beautiful musical instruments, exquisite jewellery, contemporary paintings which make wonderful buys" (that's their chief attraction) "the pleasures of modern life — transistors, watches, synthetic textiles, fabled carpets painstakingly hand-knotted for your pleasure, treasures that are yours for the merest song..." And finally, "India is a 24-hour carnival, an entertainment...you'll find an India for every mood." Talk about selling your soul!

Does that become inevitable once tourism becomes an intensely competitive industry? Surely our culture is much more than customs and attitudes now become anachronistic. The tourism department does focus a lot on our craftsmen's skills, our beautiful art forms. But surely we can (if we must) "advertise" our arts and the natural beauty of our environment, with pride and respect for them rather than by conveying the servile impression that they exist only to please our gracious foreign guests. India is a country unlike any other in its geography and its people, but like any other country it has its own positive and negative features. The tourists should explore and discover it for what it is — whether it conforms to their tastes or not. No one has the right to offer it as a fairyland or a playground in which you can lose yourself in enjoyment, or as an "experience," like a new fad.

But the very basis of tourism is all wrong. Tourism shouldn't be an "industry" or a "trade." We should not have to attract people to us.

People would themselves be attracted to a country whose people are doing great things on their own. What we should proudly display are our own achievements, the results of our struggles to control our destinies and build our own future the way most of us want. We shouldn't be displaying the wounds and the slow death of our people under an unequal and inhuman system and then calling it "the great Indian culture."

SELLING INDIA

Jyoti Punwani



ter of course. "The Koli fisher-folk unspoilt by the big city, living in their simple little villages and fishing in their medieval boats" have, in reality, to struggle day and night so as not to be wiped out by private trawlers (a symbol, no doubt, of "Bombay's modernity").

Brochure descriptions of India as "a shoppers' Paradise" ring hollow when as an Indian you know that most of your people cannot escape from the hell that makes up their lives. Though the foods of India are varied and delicious enough to delight a gourmet, you instinctively revolt at the statement "India is a gourmet's delight" because you know that over 65 per cent of your people can't get two meals a day.

And with the daily experience of fighting against the traditions of the old who exercise authority everywhere, it becomes unbelievable to read India described as "a land for the young". "...the fabled land, is a land of

and may be as stifled by its relics as we are.

The whole myth about the "inscrutable and otherworldly Orient" came to us from the British — foreigners — who had their own reasons for propagating it to us and to the world. It is still being repeated ad nauseum by our ruling classes. Instead of being ashamed that feudal zamindari conditions and attitudes still flourish in India (and other Third world countries), which would be destroyed by the Indian people once they could arouse themselves from their deadening poverty, the Indian tourist department exhibits these "age-old Indian traditions" as the "essence of Indian culture."

The material exploitation and oppression which these customs strengthen are glorified as "our great heritage." Victims of similar beliefs and practices in other Asian and African countries know what sort of heritage these traditions constitute. It is only

drug kills

YOUR PERSONALITY
YOUR PERFORMANCE
AND IT KILLS **you** *sure*



KEEP AWAY FROM

- LSD • AMPHETAMINES
- BARBITURATES • ETC.

Enticing tourists to visit India, is one of the very important jobs of the I.T.D.C.. A sightseer's paradise, India's historical monuments have always played a very important role in attracting tourists. But besides these much publicised places, India also has a wide variety of sports appealing to the adventurous spirit of the young people, which so far have not received the attention they deserve.

Polo, skiing, trekking and mountaineering in the spectacular snow-capped Himalayas or sailing, swimming and sun-bathing on the palm fringed beaches are a few of them. As such, India can be called the land for the adventurous. And it is wrong to think that only the rich can afford a holiday in India. India offers tourists one of the most inexpensive travel facilities in the world. Travellers' lodges are spread all over India charging around Rs. 35 to Rs. 40 per day. Besides these lodges there are many other inexpensive places where one can have a very comfortable stay.

The I.T.D.C. in its latest drive to attract more young people, has planned an audiovisual campaign — a film showing various aspects of mountaineering, skiing, sailing and other sports and the facilities available to people wishing to participate in them. It will soon be shown not only abroad but also in youth hostels and mountaineering colleges and other institutions in the country. A drive is also being planned to insert ads in magazines and newspapers which reach the young, inviting them to travel, to see the country and enjoy adventure.

To prepare creative, imaginative and eye-catching brochures is an important task before I.T.D.C. artists. It has also now set up a consultancy service for the states and helps them to prepare a campaign to encourage tourism. A recent ad prepared by I.T.D.C. for J & K Tourism, Govt. of J & K, says in bold letters, "If you have got the inclination, we have got the slopes." Another one says, "Romance. It isn't just for honeymooners." It goes on to say, "Kashmir. A romantic beginning to a new marriage. And a beautiful way to rekindle that old charm of romance that began years ago."

Kashmir, often described as a paradise on earth, has always attracted more tourists during the summer months. During this time, the place gets overcrowded with tourists and many are disappointed as there is no accommodation available. Not many people have so far given a thought to Kashmir as a winter holiday resort. Holidaying in this enchanting place during the winter months when the whole place is covered with freshly fallen snow, can be a thrilling experience making it a "once in a life time" experience. Now, as a result of the

ATTRACTING YOUNG TOURISTS

Jyotsana Kapoor



*The I. T. D. C.
has launched an
imaginative campaign
to induce the young
to travel around India,
with the stress
on the scope for sports
that appeal to their
adventurous spirit*

publicity campaign undertaken by I.T.D.C. for the Govt. of J&K, it is fast gaining popularity as a place for winter sports. These new brochures designed by I.T.D.C. tell the young what they can enjoy in Srinagar. There are wide open spaces for trekking, peaks for mountaineering and boats available for sailing. And what can be cheaper than a stay in a houseboat for Rs. 30/- including food?

According to Mr. Allen Fernandes, Divisional Manager, Publicity and Production of I.T.D.C., "We in the I.T.D.C. have started telling people in our country that there are a whole lot of exciting things waiting for them just outside their homes, if only they make an effort to get out. A complete

going on a pilgrimage rather than on a holiday. A pilgrimage, which combines the benefits of both religion and vacation, has always been an average Indian's concept of enjoyment. People here also do not have enough leisure time. Most of them are tied down to their office work, so much so that they are hardly left with any free time. And the people who do not go on a pilgrimage like to go and visit their relatives during holidays as it helps them to save the expense of room and food. People have to realise that it does not cost much to go on a real holiday once in a while."

"Travel also helps a person to learn more about the country. Once a man from the North goes to the South and sees the way of life of a South Indian, he will learn to appreciate him better and vice versa. Travel creates understanding among different people."

Travel is also big business. Tourism is the fifth largest foreign exchange earner in India. Many arts, handicrafts and traditions would have died a natural death had there been no tourists to encourage these. The I.T.D.C. has a planned approach to creating a broad interest among foreigners in things that are Indian and what it offers to tourists. Picturesque posters of enchanting Indian monuments and colourful festivals are displayed in all the



campaign on a small scale has been started by sending attractive brochures to various clubs, associations etc. We want more young people to undertake this kind of holiday as they must learn to get out of their homes, participate in exciting sports and meet people in other parts of the country. But not many people want to avail of the opportunities.

"Right from childhood, Indians are not encouraged to take a real holiday, free from all tensions and all strains. One reason for this may be that for Indians, money seems to be the basic problem. Going on a holiday for the sake of a holiday is something they feel they cannot afford. In India most of the people prefer

Indian tourist offices in the world and in the offices of some travel agents, which help to attract many tourists. "We are always trying to explore new avenues to attract tourists," says Mr. Fernandes.

Tourists from foreign countries for all these years have mostly concentrated on a few places like Agra, Jaipur, Bombay, etc. Now the I.T.D.C. is trying to spread out the tourists to all parts of the country by campaigning for the neglected parts of India by bringing into focus the good points of these places.

"The latest effort being made is to try to sell to our foreign tourists the herbal beauty treatments available in South India.

Big Beauty Breakthrough

Lakmé Calamine

Like nothing you've used before

Lakmé Calamine. So smooth, so easy to spread. Only Lakmé Calamine comes in a choice of shades to give you a warm glow. Medicated to fight blemishes, only Lakmé Calamine is delightfully perfumed.

Does so much good for your skin. Baby's tender skin. A man's tough skin too.

Complete complexion care—Lakmé Calamine!

*Smooth
and
glowing*

*Three
exquisite
shades*

*Delightfully
perfumed*



Lakmé — the people who know skin.

ATTRACTING YOUNG TOURISTS

It is something that has been there for centuries, but no one has thought of exploiting it. People abroad who have become tired of synthetic medicines and synthetic beauty treatments have been enamoured by this total herbal treatment. It seems to have caught the fancy of the Westerners like Yoga and meditation had done before.

"Our effort is to tell these people that oil baths and oil massages, which have helped the South Indians to maintain a lovely and smooth skin, can also help them to have a glowing skin and general good health. The Ayurvedic way of treatment is something very natural and simple and yet can produce wonderful results. Writers are being invited from abroad and foreign journalists visiting India are taken to the South. Once they have seen these treatments in South India, they go back and write about them in their papers. And the people who are planning to visit India, add South India to their itinerary," says Mr. Fernandes.

For the fun loving adventurous young people of India, there

are many sports waiting to be enjoyed. The picturesque and lovely beaches of Kerala and Goa are meant for sunbathing, swimming and water sports. Kovalam in the South is one of the world's finest beaches and is at its best from November to March. The Marina of Madras is the second longest beach in the world. Mahabalipuram, with its exotic temples, has a lovely beach too. Vishakapatnam's beaches are very popular. Puri in Orissa offers some of the best sea and surf bathing facilities. Then there is Gopalpur-on-Sea near Puri and also Digha in West Bengal.

If you are interested in gliding, there are about a dozen gliding clubs situated all over the country—Delhi, Agra Jaipur, Kanpur, Pilani and Pune being some of them. The Delhi Gliding Club at Safdarjung airport is the best gliding base, as there is plenty of land around it and no danger of sea. This club makes as many as 10,000 launches every year. The membership is cheap and the fee for each launch is only Rs. 7.

Delhi, Jaipur, Calcutta, Bombay and Madras have polo clubs. These offer temporary membership to visiting polo enthusiasts. Horses are available for riding also at the Delhi Polo

Club. Jaipur has excellent polo grounds and tournaments are held in March every year. Sailing is another popular sport in India and there are about 30 sailing clubs all over the country which are affiliated to the Yachting Association of India. They give temporary membership to sailing enthusiasts. Trekking, mountaineering and skiing on the snow covered Himalayan regions can also be a very thrilling experience.

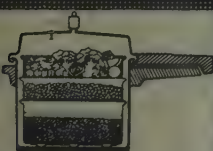
And for those who are interested in wildlife, there are many sanctuaries spread all over the country. The Bandipur Tiger Reserve in Karnataka has a large variety of wildlife. The Corbett National Park in Uttar Pradesh, situated on the foothills of Himalayan ranges, is now a tiger reserve under Project Tiger. Gir in Gujarat is the only place where the lion has been saved. Kaziranga in Assam is famous for the Indian rhinoceros. Periyar in Kerala is the finest sanctuary for watching elephants in their natural environment. Besides these well known sanctuaries, there are some other sanctuaries in Bengal, Madhya Pradesh and Tamil Nadu.

And if you are religious minded, plan your holiday in such a way that you can also get an opportunity to see one of the

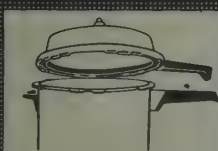
famous festivals India is known for. Any time in India is festival time. The tumultuous Lord Ganesha immersion in Bombay, the fabulous Car Festival of Puri, the Snake-Boat races in Kerala or the Republic Day celebrations in Delhi, are all celebrated with a grandeur meant to enchant the spectator.

Preparation of brochures, picture post cards, posters, guide maps and city guide books is a time consuming process. But the I.T.D.C. can be proud of its record as it has definitely helped to bring in more tourists to the country and also encouraging travel within the country. "We have to maintain international standards in preparing our publicity media using Indian material," says Mr. Fernandes. "And we have succeeded. Tourism in recent years has really increased. Young people must realise that there are many exciting things that they can do if only they get out of their homes. It is only when people learn to enjoy a holiday that travel in India can become popular. One need not spend too much to have a few days of leisure. There are many places near your home, wherever you live, which promise everyone good relaxation."

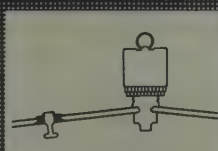
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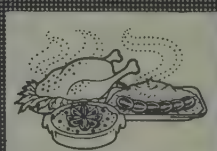
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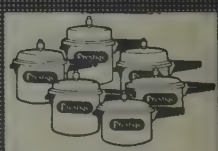
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Range of sizes from 4 to 12 litres. For families and budgets of all sizes and all types of cooking.

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- AND MANY OTHERS



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GLUCOSE BISCUITS

They are good to the last bite

The Eastern region of the Indian sub-continent has much to offer to one with the wander lust. There are beaches and lakes, mountains and monuments and places abounding in cultural heritage. With Calcutta, one of the largest cities in the country, as his base, the tourist-cum-holiday maker can traverse not only the State of West Bengal, but also the adjoining states of Orissa.

The beaches for the sun lover that are easily accessible from this metropolis are:

DIGHA: Lying 250 km. south of Calcutta, it harbours a calm and shallow sea which offers exceptionally good swimming. A short drive along a good road takes one to Junput Beach where there is a fishery research centre to interest the scientific minded.

A long stroll westward along Digha Beach (8 km.) will bring you to an interesting temple dedicated to Lord Siva. This is at Chandaneswar which lies 2 km. inland.

Two buses, taking about 8 hours, leave the Esplanade bus stop for Digha every morning. The ticket costs about Rs. 15. A train journey from Howrah takes 2 hours to Kharagpur from where the rest of the journey has to be undertaken by bus.

The Govt. Tourist Bungalow can be booked for Rs. 15 for a single room and Rs. 25 for a double room. Besides this there are numerous private guest houses.

GOPALPUR-ON-SEA: Lying southwest of Puri, in Orissa State, this beach offers good swimming and sailing facilities. This is a small picturesque village with a modern hotel and other comfortable accommodation.

Offering a quiet and relaxing holiday is the Chilka Lake, a



The massive Jagannath temple.

TRAVEL DELIGHTS IN EASTERN INDIA

Amita Sarwal

Eastern India offers a variety of tourist attractions—historical, cultural and scenic.

With Calcutta as the base one can not only travel over Bengal but also Bihar and Orissa, and see the places sanctified by the Buddha and the temples that fill you with wonder and pride

naturalist's delight. It is over 70 km. long and has a beautiful scenic background. One of the largest estuarine lakes in India, it offers a vast area for fishing.

For the younger set, there is a Youth Hostel which offers a bed at Re. 1 per night. The local post master is in charge of reservations.

PURI: One of the four most holy places in India, it is of great cultural interest for the traveller. The great temple of Jagannath is situated here. Besides being one of the main pilgrim centres of the country, it is also the site of the annual summer Rath Yatra or Car Festival.

KONARAK: 85 km. from Puri, it has one of the greatest monuments in India. This is a 13th century temple dedicated to the Sun god, in the shape of a gigantic chariot on 24 wheels. Like Khajuraho, it is famous for its erotic sculpture.

BHUBANESHWAR: 62 km. from Puri, it is also a city of temples. There are over 500 of them surrounding the lake — relics of the 7000 that once stood there. The most famous is the great Lingaraj Temple. Not far from this town, in the hills of Udayagiri and Khandagiri one will find cave sculptures made by Buddhist monks as far back as the 2nd century BC.

The Orissa State Govt. has a Guest House which offers single beds for Rs. 18 and double at Rs. 25. The Youth Hostel charges Rs. 6 per head and offers canteen facilities for the tourists, separately.

NALANDA: In Bihar an international university once flourished here in the 5th century A.D. There are the ruins of the viharas or residences of pupils, and preceptors, stupas and walled enclosures. Vardhamana Mahavira came here as also the Buddha who preached his doctrine of Dharma. Emperor Ashoka's Vihara is also seen here. The quiet of a monastic university pervades Nalanda.

A well arranged museum contains Buddhist and Hindu terracottas, bronzes and sculptures.

103 km. away from Patna, there are guide services available from the Tourist Information Centre, Govt. of Bihar, and an ITDC car and coach hire service from the ITDC Transport Unit, Patna.

The accommodation Nalanda offers is:

Inspection Bungalow of the Archaeological Survey of India. Tariff for a double room is Rs. 7.

Nalanda Rest House at Rs. 5 for a double room. This is primarily meant for government officials on duty.

The Pali Institute Hostel and the Rashbehari Vidyalaya Student Hostel which are meant only for

The main stupa of Nalanda, the pilgrimage centre for Buddhists from all over the world.



The 27th Annual Convention of the Pacific Area Travel Association (PATA) held in Delhi in January is a landmark in the history of tourism development in India. PATA is the largest promotional organisation in the world with a membership of 2000, including 40 governments, 40 international airlines, major tour operators, hoteliers, magazines and newspapers. This year's PATA theme, "Challenge of Change," was specially significant in view of the fact that tourism has now entered a phase where there are no limits to its growth.

Mr. C.B. Jain, Director General Tourism and Chairman of

The 27th Annual Convocation of PATA held in Delhi has helped its 2000 members, all of them potent forces in the tourist business, to savour India's ancient culture and modern amenities

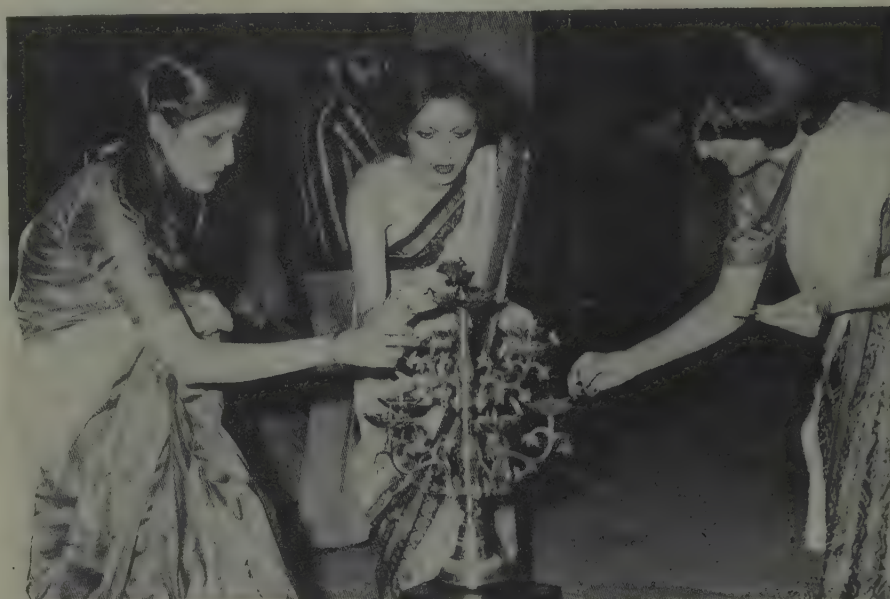
PATA said India was proud to host the PATA Convention for which the Department of Tourism had been preparing for the last three years. Prime Minister Morarji Desai inaugurated the Convention at the Ashoka Convention Hall and this was followed by an address by Mr. Purshotam Kaushik, Minister of Tourism. Other important speakers were Mr. J. R. D. Tata, former chairman — Air India, Mr. Geoffrey Gray Forton, a specialist on Convention Tourism, Dr. Timothy O'Driscoll, Executive Director — European Travel and other eminent travel writers and travel trade executives.

India, with its cultural heritage and its centuries-old civilization, its scenic splendour and its exquisite handicrafts, could be one of the most popular tourist destinations. The leading hotels of the Capital were bursting at the seams with the 1500 PATA delegates and about 100 "PATA spouses" and guests. The delegates wore rudraksha garlands attached with their name plates and sported tilaks on their foreheads. The highlights of the PATA festival included trips to Khajuraho, Agra and the Taj Mahal, visits to historical monuments like the Jama Masjid, the Qutab Minar and the Birla Temple, and the sound and light show at the Red Fort. The Convention opened with a ballet, "Discovery of India," danced by Tanushree, daughter-in-law of Uday Shanker.

PATA 1978:

A SHOT IN THE ARM FOR INDIAN TOURIST TRADE

Pushpa Hans



Kalpana Joshi, Erna Chandra, and Mona Verma of Hotel Oberoi Inter-Continental lighting a diya to welcome the PATA delegates.

The cultural hub of the Convention, after Ashoka Hotel, was the newly opened Maurya Hotel. Whereas Ashoka had the PATA chairman's sit-down dinner for 1800 people, the PATA Bazar, where many provinces had their booths, the Korean Embassy's lunch for travel writers and the Nepal Nite, Maurya hosted a lunch and presented a lively fashion show for the delegates. Maurya was also the venue for Mr. Tata's informal lunch for delegates and arranged an Exhibition Polo Match for them. The Oberoi Intercontinental hosted the Indian Food Festival.

All the delegates thought the food in India and all its hotels was "fantastic," "delicious," "out of this world." With the Republic Day Parade on January 26, the cultural pageant and the Festival of Folk Dances thrown in, the delegates thought the Convention was a most "memorable experience."

PATA has decided to set up a fund to launch a Pacific Heritage Society for the preservation and development of the unique heritage of the Pacific Community.

Many delegates feel that in very few countries of the world is the heritage so great and old as in India. In India, they said,

there was the great challenge of preserving the old while fostering the tools of the modern age to raise the standard of living for its people. Mr. Tata, former chairman of Air India, predicted a six per cent rise in Pacific tourism but Mr. Kleans Jensen, President of PATA, was more optimistic and expected a ten per cent rise. He said the conference was "highly successful and well organised."



SUZANNE HELD

French travel-writer and journalist

A leading travel journalist of Paris, Suzanne Held was one of

the PATA delegates. This was her eighth visit to India and she said that she fell more and more in love with this country every time she came.

Miss Held writes for leading travel journals such as "Realites," "Connaissance De Art," "Carnet De Voyages," and she is constantly travelling all over the world and writing. Recently her booklet, "Ladakh Monastery," a highly authentic and colourful piece of writing, was very much appreciated by readers of travel magazines. She is now working on a booklet on South India.

Miss Held thinks more and more people and tourists are getting interested in India. "The French have always been lovers of art, culture and traditions. Hence India is becoming a national destination for them." They have their qualms so far as the language is concerned. (They hardly know any English): "But I try to convince them through my writings that they can get along even without a knowledge of English as people in India are very friendly and helpful."

Suzanne Held felt hotel accommodation in India was improving, but more rooms are certainly needed if the spurt in tourists to India continues, and she has hopes that it will. "After all, nowhere else perhaps are you accorded such a genuine welcome — right from the taxi driver and the hotel staff to the travel executives and the man on the street."



KAMALA SUKOSOL-CLAPP

Managing Director, Amarin Hotel, Pattaya Beach, Bangkok, Thailand

Kamala Sukosol-Clapp not only runs the modern and highly sophisticated Hotel Amarin successfully, she is also the Managing Director of 25 of the Kamal-Sukosol group of companies. Most important of these are the Automobile Division which manufactures Mazda cars, an advertising agency and a finance company.

Kamala, dressed in long trousers and a midi Thai brocade coat, her dark hair piled high, must be one of the world's most attrac-

tive business magnates. She feels that India needs much more promotional publicity in Thailand. At the moment there is none. This, in spite of the fact that India is so close and should be a natural place of interest to the people of Thailand. She feels our hotel accommodation, barring a few top hotels, is inadequate: "Pattaya Beach, which is only five kilometres long, has eleven modern and beautiful hotels." She feels we must bring more efficiency to our domestic travel. She has been here three times and feels that the flights to various places of tourist interest are few and ridden with delays.

"Lots of people want to come to your exquisite country, with its ancient civilisation and culture, but they are used to certain comforts and certain standards of living. You must equip yourselves for that. You could certainly start with your airports. They definitely need to be more modern and more comfortable."

Kamala said what really touched her was the smile of contentment she sees on the people in the streets. There may be poverty, yet they look peaceful and somehow happier than affluent people elsewhere.



IRENE CONOVER

Managing Director, Harrison Travel, New York

This was Irene Conover's fourth visit to India. She has been in the travel trade for the last 16 years. She felt there was a decided difference between her first visit to India in 1973 and now. "The roads are cleaner, and there are hardly any cows and dogs around. Both the cities of Bombay and Delhi look much more sophisticated. Bombay's horizon is dotted with many more sky-scrapers. Delhi is prettier, with all those fountains and nicely-lit roads."

But she was glad the villages looked the same — "sleepy and peaceful and away from the maddening crowds."

She also felt that the friendliness of the people had not changed. What she was enjoying most was pouring tea in her cup through a tea-strainer. "This is perhaps the only place in the world where one pours out tea

like this. Everywhere else there are tea-bags. What a divine cup of tea this makes!" Agra, she found a little off-colour and the approach to the Taj rather drab, crowded and not very clean.

Irene Conover arranges a lot of promotional programmes on India. Two years ago, as secretary of the Educational Committee of PATA in New York, she organised the first Immersion Workshop on India, at San Francisco. Fifteen travel agents from all over U.S.A. attended the workshop and signed an agreement to visit India and write a paper on the country. They visited Delhi, Agra, Bombay, Kashmir and later Kathmandu.

Has the Convention helped Indian tourism?

"Oh yes, the focus is on India and Sri Lanka and the huge amount of publicity — written and verbal — will surely help."



MYRA WALDO

American Travels writer

Myra Waldo is one of the world's most popular travel writers. The author of 53 travel books about different countries of the world, she has also written several cookery books, highlighting the cuisine of some of these countries. Besides books, she writes for many journals and is constantly on radio and TV, with travel programmes. She edits three travel journals every year, "A Motoring Guide to Europe," "Travel and Motoring Guide to South America" and "Travel Guide to the Pacific and the Orient." "These are annuals and the last one has a fairly large coverage of India," she said.

One of the most important and popular delegates, this was Miss Waldo's twelfth visit to India. She feels that hotel accommodation, which was inadequate in the beginning, has certainly improved: "The rooms are comfortable and the service more professional and slick."

Asked whether the PATA Convention will help Indian Tourism, she said it definitely would, as it would focus attention on India.

"We travel writers send back clippings and articles on any

PATA Convention to all the leading travel journals and many other journals and the host country (this year it is India) gets publicity worth at least three million dollars."

Myra Waldo was looking forward to being in India again in September for the annual convention of the Society of American Travel Writers. This was the first time that this convention is being held in India. About four hundred writers are expected to attend the convention. She felt India was now very much on the tourist map. And why not, she said: "Look at the beautiful landscapes, the monuments, the Taj, the temples, the handicrafts and above all, the friendly people."



CONNIE KING

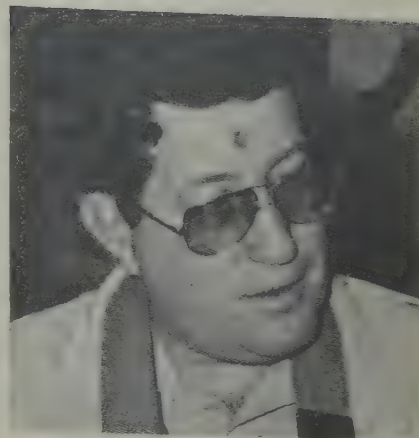
Marketing Executive, Hong Kong Tourist Association

When I met her she was wearing a recently-bought pink and blue kaftan from Janpath and looked extremely fetching and delicate. Young Connie King had her education in the U.S.A. and took up a hotel job on her return to Hong Kong. She changed over to tourism "because it is exciting and challenging." She is now a marketing executive with the Hong Kong Tourist Association, which is a semi-government body.

The main markets that Connie looks after are India, Sri Lanka and Pakistan. Connie King felt that tour operators should arrange more package tours, both in India and Hong Kong. She feels the PATA Convention will help a lot in developing India's tourist potential. Apart from the newspaper coverage and publicity it is the mouth-publicity that really attracts a tourist, she said, "and we all are certainly carrying back a wonderful impression of your beautiful country."

What impressed her most about India? "The culture and the heritage and, of course, the hospitality of the people, the great sense of welcome."

Connie King planned to stay on for a few days to talk to travel agents and explore the possibilities of package tours.



ARTURO F. GONZALEZ Jr. AND MAUREEN GONZALEZ

English Travel writers

Arturo F. Gonzalez Jr. and his lovely wife, Maureen, are a well-known pair of Travel writers from the Newspaper Enterprise Association of England. Maureen was working for the Tourism Department of Ireland before she married Arturo. Now they both travel most of the time and write not only for their own group of papers but for several other journals on travel. They contribute to about 700 newspapers in Canada and America. Arturo Gonzalez is a regular writer for Macleans and for the "Time" magazine of Canada. He has also been writing for the Time/Life magazines of America for many years. They both do articles, profiles and interviews.

The Gonzalez team was thrilled with India. He had been here many times, but it was Maureen's first visit. She had just come back from a shopping spree and red bridal bracelets adorned both her wrists.

What had appealed to them most in India? "The infinite variety. You see a young Rajasthani woman, gaily-clad, carrying a charpoy on her head, a horse wagon, the driver singing away to glory, a milkman with a huge can of milk, a scooter rickshaw rubbing shoulders with a Diplomatic Corps Mercedes. You step out of the aircraft and every sight is a new experience."

They loved the vivid colours, the smells that were so exotic, the aroma of spices in the food and the genuine smiles of the people. "You know they are really happy to see you and to help you. They were not just duty bound."



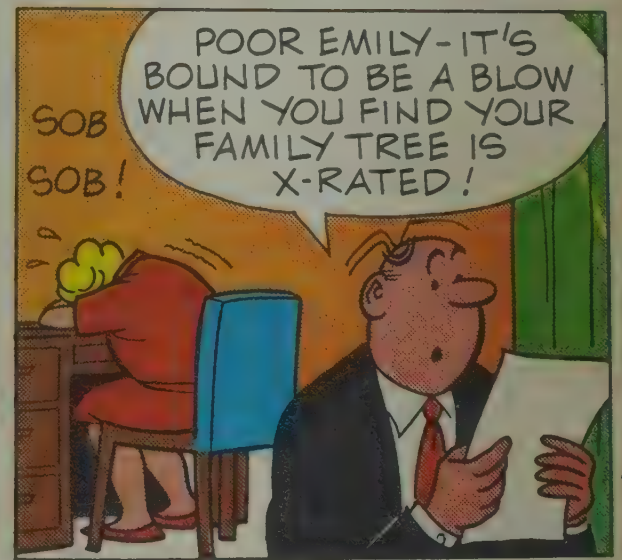
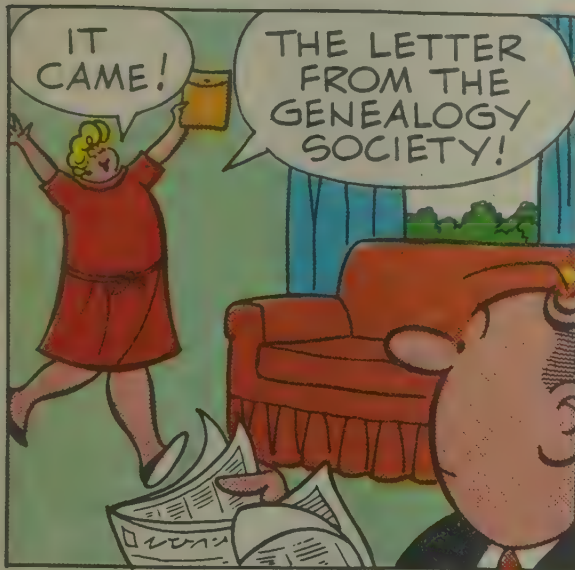
THE PIRAMAL LOOK



Piramal Mills
Maheshwari Mills

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



A man was laying a new concrete path. No sooner was his back turned than a crowd of children came running by, leaving footmarks all over the hardening surface. A neighbour, who heard him swearing, reproached him, "I thought you liked children, George."

"I do like them," he replied, "in the abstract, but not in the concrete."

Little girl watching T.V. wrestling: "Just look at those two men fighting in their play-pen."

A little girl who was taken to a zoo tossed some pieces of bun to a stork which gobbled them greedily and looked at her for more.

"What bird is it, Mummy?" she asked. The mother replied that it was a stork. "O-o-o-h," the little girl cried as she opened her eyes with astonishment. "It must have recognised me."

One Sunday morning a minister had been telling his congregation that there was a sermon in every blade of grass. The following day, when



he was cutting his grass in the vicarage garden, a parishioner who was passing called out: "That's right, Vicar. Keep them short."

A parson arranged to have some driving instruction and as he entered the car on the first day, the instructor said genially, "Well, Vicar, here beginneth the first lesson."



A clergyman had cause to reprove one of his parishioners who unfortunately lost his temper and, as a parting shot, shouted out: "If I had an imbecile son I would put him in the Church."

"Your father evidently thought differently," replied the cleric meekly.

A parson remarked to one of his churchwardens, "Have you noticed, that after the service, many of the men in the choir cross over to the local inn?"

"Oh yes," replied the churchwarden, "I expect it's the thirst after righteousness."

Late one night a doctor received a telephone call from a man who said urgently, "Doctor, my mother-in-law is lying at death's door. Can you come round at once and pull her through?"

Husband: "Where is all the money I give you for household expenses?"

Wife: "If you will stand sideways and look in the mirror, you'll see."

Husband: "It says in this article that over 5000 camels are used each year to make paint brushes."

Wife: "Isn't it amazing what they can teach animals to do nowadays?"

A husband looked up from the racing paper that he had been reading and then glancing at the baby in its pram said to his wife, "Baby's nose is running again."

His wife gave a snort and then retorted, "Don't you ever think of anything except horse-racing?"

There was a fat lady of Clyde Whose shoelaces once came untied.

She feared that to bend Would display her rear end. So she cried and she cried and she cried

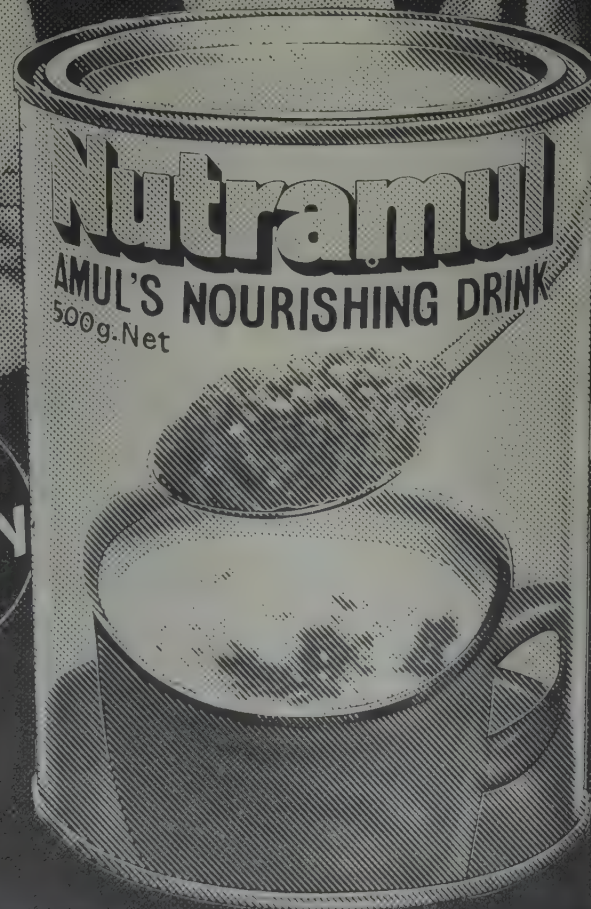
Compiled by: George Fegradoc

new!

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Nutramul

Every cup builds you up!



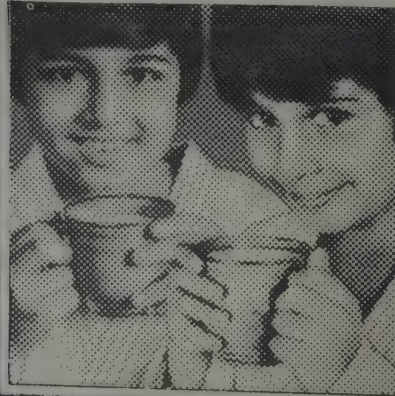
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Amul presents yet another striking winner. Strengthening Nutramul, the most exciting health drink yet offered. Richer in Amul milk. Pure malt. Protein. Vitamins. Minerals. Every cup of Nutramul builds up health and vitality. Keeps you fighting fit. Nutramul is produced at Amul's new dairy and food processing complex — one of the finest in the world.

And its taste! Hiyaah! Much more cocoa. Much more milk. Why, if you like Amul chocolate, you'll love Nutramul. It delivers rich, creamy cocoa goodness.

Another powerful punch! In every Nutramul tin, you get 500 gms. That's 50 gms (or 5 cups) more than others. At a price that's excellent value for your money. Amul value.

Nutramul. Try it today. Your family will thank you for it. And you'll thank Amul again!



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*Less talked about
than the hill stations
of the North, the
Southern hills and
their quaint little
towns offer unspoilt
charm for anyone
looking for peace amid
beauty*

Hugh & Colleen Gantzer



Coonoor, with its gentle hills, tiny railway and placid cattle.

THE SHANGRI-LA HILLS OF THE SOUTH

The Himalayas and the hills of the South are an age, and a world, apart. The Himalayas are rugged and craggy, with towering escarpments, frowning cliffs where giant Lammergeyers soar, saw-backed ridges honed by the winds of Tibet. But the hills of the South are rounded and soft: sun-dappled valleys where cowbells sound, gentling downs with grass as soft as a child's hair, and blue-hazed vistas that stretch and fade with the ambience of a summer-drowsy fairy tale.

And so, if you're looking for a place where you can let your tensions unravel and your nerves unwind; and if you want to be alone with yourself or with a friend... then get out your vacation plans and put a large, green, circle around the cool, and timeless, hills of the ancient South.

Start with Ooty if you want the transition to be gentle. Ooty, even at the height of the season, does not have the *raunak* (untranslatable word: festive ethos?) of Simla, but it's fun; it's greener than Naini Tal, more compact than Darjeeling, more accessible than Mussoorie.

The road from the plains snakes up from both Coimbatore (89 km via Mettupalayam and Coonoor) and Mysore (159 km via Mudumalai Wildlife Sanctuary). Regular bus services connect both places (Coimbatore, three hours, Rs. 5.35; Mysore, about six hours Rs. 9.55), but if you come in from Coimbatore you might like to catch the little hill railway from Mettupalayam for a toy-train ride into the Blue Hills.

Accommodation in Ooty is becoming quite a problem, but if you plan well in advance you should be able to get something suitable. Rates range from Rs. 170 for a double room at the Savoy, to the very economical Rs. 10 per bed in the Tourist Bungalow's dormitory. Service Officers should



The 7,000 foot high Kodai lake—a fairy-tale, timeless, never-never land.

write to the Ratan Tata Officers' Holiday Home. a magnificent old building set in its own wooded grounds... where they get substantial concessions. For the middle-income tourist, however, we recommend the V.W.C.A.'s guest house at Anandagiri. In the height of the season they charge Rs. 35 a head for a double room with an attached bath and all meals. The atmosphere is friendly and informal the food homely and substantial, the service good.

Driving up from Coimbatore through the wooded Blue Hills (the Nil-giris) the road weaves round hairpin bends giving sudden glimpses of the receding plains, unexpected puffs of steam as the mountain railway chugs to catch up. Streams cascade and birds fly and then the trees clear and manicured tea estates spread their arms over the hills and far away, while rows of pickers pluck two leaves and a bud and the air becomes sharp with resin.

Tiny houses stapled on the

hills, a ring of church bells, a buzz of scooters and young men with bristly moustaches and their terribly smart wives. Coonoor is a tea town merging with Wellington... a Services town where the DS speak only to Generals and the Generals speak only to God... or the Field Marshal, if the Lord is otherwise engaged! And if you don't know what DS means then you haven't mixed with the Directing Staff of the Defence Staff College around which Wellington lives and moves and has its being.

There's also a delightful place called Sims Park in Upper Coonoor where whole mornings can be lost on benches under the shade of spreading trees.

Nineteen kilometres away from Coonoor, along a beautiful range-hugging road, is Ooty. For most of the way, the road overlooks a huge, crazy-quilted valley where hamlets sit in Disney-scapes and the toy-train puffs like a cartoon, doggedly determined in its bust-

ling little way.

Along the road, then past the Lovedale turn-off, up a steep incline bristly with yellow-flowered Broom, and Ooty opens before you: terraced fields and rising hills and crazily curving roads and a place called Charing Cross where two policemen on stages dance the traffic around them.

This is the hub of Ooty, Charing Cross. People meet here, eat an ice-cream and get their directions from this reference point.

Turn right: the Botanical Gardens rise across velvet sloping lawns; peaceful picnic lands.

Go straight: Spencers, a Chinese restaurant, the Collectorate, and the place where white-haired, well-informed Mrs. Carter makes the tastiest cheeses.

Turn left: the market. Eucalyptus oil, honey, a dosa and coffee in Kurinji's kiosk, or chocolates

and hot pastries from a little shop just opposite. You can also buy baskets of fresh strawberries from roadside vendors—after making sure that the ones below are as good as the ones on top. Relish them with cream from the Co-operative Dairy: diet destroying but permissible on the calorie-burning slopes of the Nilgiris.

Or, if you really want to slim, go down to the lake at the end of the road and hire a row-boat. A two-seater pedal-boat can be hired for Rs. 4 for the hour, a two-seater row boat costs half as much and they have larger ones for larger groups. Those who prefer the land can gallop around the tree-fringed edges of the lake on a pony: you find them waiting under the trees near the car park attached to the boat-house.

All of which should knock out the kinks from your system in no time at all. And then, when your travel-exhausted body has been refreshed and fortified, join one of the tours organised by the Tourist Traffic Advisory Committee. For Rs. 10 a head you have a choice of looking round Ooty and the highest peak in the area named Doddabetta, a trip down to the Mudumalai sanctuary, or a tour of Coonoor, Laws Falls, Kodanad View and the delightful hamlet of Kotagiri.

And we've still said nothing about the Flower Show, golf, the Hunt Club, fishing in Avelanche, Toda embroidery in stark reds and blues and blacks on white, Tiger Hill, the Doorg, Dolphin's Nose, and all the other tucked-away, unexpected discoveries that await you in the Blue Hills.

But if you're really interested, write to The Tourist Officer, Supermarket Building, Ootacamund, PIN 643001.

Or, alternatively, try Kodai

Continued on page 25



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Materials: (MODITHREAD)
 "MTM" Knitting Cotton: 9 balls Maroon 47, 1 ball each Green 254 and White (50 grams each). A pair of knitting needles No. 10 and No. 12, 2 steel hooks and loops.

Measurements: Length 60 cms., bust 92 cms., sleeve seam 41 cms.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 9 rows to 2.5 cms. measured over st.st. on No. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: k. = knit; p. = purl; st.st. = stocking stitch; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; dec. = decrease; alt. = alternate; rep. = repeat; st. = stitch.

BACK

With Maroon thread and No. 10 needles cast on 128 sts. and work 13 rows in st.st.

14th row: (Wrong side): k. with No. 12 needles. (This row forms the hemline).

Again with No. 10 needles and starting with a k. row, work next 2 rows in st.st. Join White and Green threads and commence the Fair Isle pattern as follows:

1st row: k. 2 Maroon, * 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 7 Maroon, 2 Green, 7 Maroon, rep. from * 3 times more, end with 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 2 Maroon.

2nd row: p. 2 Maroon, * 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 6 Maroon, 4 Green, 6 Maroon, rep. from * 3 times more, end with 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 2 Maroon.

3rd row: k. 2 Maroon, * 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 5 Maroon, 6 Green, 5 Maroon, rep. from * 3 times more, 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 2 Maroon.

4th row: p. 2 Maroon, * 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 4 Maroon, 8 Green, 4 Maroon, rep. from * 3 times more, 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 2 Maroon.

5th row: k. 6 Maroon, * 4 White, 7 Maroon, 10 Green, 7 Maroon, rep. from * 3 times more, 4 White, 6 Maroon.

6th row: p. 6 Maroon, * 4 White, 6 Maroon, 12 Green, 6 Maroon, rep. from * 3 times more, 4 White, 6 Maroon.

7th row: k. as 6th row.

8th row: p. as 5th row.

9th row: k. as 4th row.

10th row: p. as 3rd row.

11th row: k. as 2nd row.

12th row: p. as 1st row. Break off White and Green threads.

Continue with Green thread and work in st.st. till work measures 41 cms. from hemline, end with a row on wrong side.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row till 96 sts. remain. Continue straight till work measures 19 cms. from shaping of



TO TOP IT ALL

*A smart mandarin coat
 to go with various outfits*

armhole, end with a row on wrong side.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 13 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Leave remaining sts. on a spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

With Maroon thread and No. 10 needles cast on 85 sts. and work first 16 rows as given for back. Then commence the Fair Isle pattern as follows:

1st row: * 7 Maroon, 2 Green, 7 Maroon, 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, rep. from * once more, 7 Maroon, 2 Green, 20 Maroon.

2nd row: p. 19 Maroon, 4 Green, 6 Maroon, * 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 6 Maroon, 4 Green, 6 Maroon, rep. from * once more.

3rd row: * k. 5 Maroon, 6 Green, 5 Maroon, 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, rep. from * once more, 5 Maroon, 6 Green, 18 Maroon.

4th row: p. 17 Maroon, 8 Green, 4 Maroon, * 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 4 Maroon, 8 Green, 4 Maroon, rep. from * once more.

5th row: k. 3 Maroon, * 10

Green, 7 Maroon, 4 White, 7 Maroon, rep. from * once, 10 Green, 16 Maroon.

6th row: p. 15 Maroon, * 12 Green, 6 Maroon, 4 White, 6 Maroon, rep. from * once, 12 Green, 2 Maroon.

7th row: k. 2 Maroon, then rep. 6th row from * to * twice, end with 12 Green, 15 Maroon.

8th row: p. 16 Maroon, rep. 5th row from * to * twice, end with 10 Green, 3 Maroon.

9th row: k. 4 Maroon, 8 Green, 4 Maroon, rep. 4th row from * to * twice, end with 13 Maroon.

10th row: p. 18 Maroon, * 6 Green, 5 Maroon, 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 5 Maroon, rep. from * once more, end with 6 Green, 5 Maroon.

11th row: * k. 6 Maroon, 4 Green, 6 Maroon, 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, rep. from * once more, end with 6 Maroon, 4 Green, 19 Maroon.

12th row: p. 20 Maroon, * 2 Green, 7 Maroon, 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 7 Maroon, rep. from * once more, end with 2 Green, 7 Maroon.

Continue straight in st.st. with Maroon thread but along front edge work a border of white and green motifs worked alternately, inside the 13 sts. as follows:

13th and 14th rows: st.st. in Maroon.

15th row: k. in Maroon till last 25 sts., then 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 13 Maroon.

Next 3 rows: Work White on each White st. and the rest in Maroon.

19th row: k. in Maroon to last 21 sts., 4 White, 17 Maroon.

Next 3 rows: Work White on 4 White sts. the rest in Maroon.

23rd to 26th rows: As 15th to 18th rows.

Work next 2 rows in Maroon.

Next row: k. in Maroon to last 22 sts., 2 Green, 20 Maroon, complete the green motif as worked before and continue with the border motifs working alt. one over the other, till work measures 41 cms. from hemline (or same as back), end with a row on wrong side.

Shape Armhole: (Continue to work the front Fair Isle border). Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows. Then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every alt. row till 8 dec. have been worked and 69 sts. remain. Continue straight till work measures 11 cms. above armhole shaping, end at front edge.

Shape Neck: Cast off 29 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and



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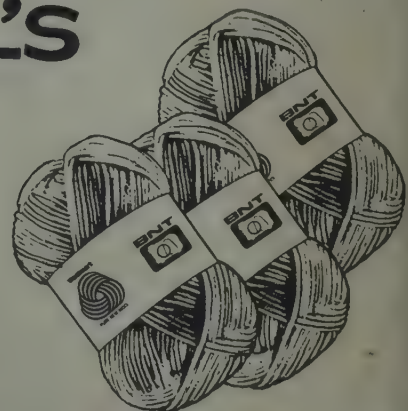
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THE SHANGRILA HILLS OF THE SOUTH

Continued from page 21

Most people know that Kodai is somewhere in the South. Period. Few of them realise that Kodai is as high as a Himalayan hill-station (2,133 metres, 7,000 feet) where tweeds, flannels and light woollens are worn during the summer. The nearest airport is Madurai connected to Madras, Trivandrum, Tiruchi, Cochin and Colombo; the airport is 120 km from Kodai and linked to the hill-station by a regular bus-route. The nearest rail-head is down the hill at Kodai Road, linked to Madras, Madurai, Coimbatore and a few others. Tiruchi and Madras are 192 and 520 kms from Kodai respectively. Or you could drive up as we did, but don't forget to fill your tank in the plains. The ghat road is picnic country all the way, 50 kilometres of gently undulating highway winding through the greenest forests you'll see this side of a fairy-tale. For that is Kodai: a fairy-tale, never-never, untouched-by-time, land.

Around a sharp bend in the road you will see Little Red Riding Hood cottages under spreading trees, Gothic stone churches rising above the conifers and distant views of enchanted villages basking in the sunshine.

We once stayed in a double room in the annexe of the new Township Tourist Rest House: very central, well-maintained and economical (Rs. 20 a day off-season, Rs. 40 in season, half-rates for honeymooning couples.) The snag here is that tourists have to make way for visiting VIPs. If you want to be sure of accommodation, book in at the TTDC's Tourist Bungalow, where we have also stayed in the pri-

vacy of a cottage. The main building is modern and well-appointed; rates vary from Rs. 12 for a single room off-season to Rs. 60 for a five-bed family room during the April 15-June 15 rush. Other attractive features of this establishment are the 25 per cent concession they offer to students (bring a letter to prove that you really are one), and the Rs. 4 per day for caravan or car parking charges which give the vehicle's occupants the right to use the facilities of the Tourist Bungalow. Address your queries to The Manager, Tamil Nadu Tourism Development Corporation, Tourist Bungalow, Kodaikanal 620 101.

Alternatively, you can stay at the Carlton Hotel at Rs. 50 for a single room and Rs. 90 for a double room: and this includes full board. For more details write to The Tourist Officer, Township office, Kodai 620 101.

The T.T.D.C's Tourist Bungalow also has a restaurant but you will probably find the Kodai Milk Bar more convenient.

With the logistics taken care of, spend the long, cool, relaxing days wandering where your fancy takes you. If you're feeling energetic, trek or drive to Pillar Rocks, Perumal Peak, Silver Cascade (on the road to the plain), Bear Shola Falls and the Solar Physics Observatory. For the less venturesome, horse-riding round the lake is fun but you have to bargain with the horse-man: we paid Rs. 2 for a ten-minute ride but were too euphoric to argue. Boats can also be hired, either the row-yourself type or with a stalwart oarsman to take you across the placid water. But we recommend exploratory rambles around the town with a ready camera if you're a picture enthusiast. Walk around the lake or take a packed lunch with you: every day is

like an Alice-in-Wonderland Sunday with water-lilies, sun-dappled trees and cool, moss-covered, slopes under the whispering conifers.

During one of our rambles the women of our family discovered the Sales Centre... a cottage shaded by giant trees on the right of the plains-facing road leading to Coaker's Walk. Their range extends from cards to kaffans, handkerchiefs to plaques, and plastic bags of jig-saw puzzles for the kids.

Another major shopping discovery is the Corsack Godwill Centre.

If you're still in the mood for questing, drive down to the Jesuit Seminary at Shambaganur. They have a small, but delightfully laid-out natural history museum and an orchidarium containing at least 250 species of these rare and beautiful plants: all grown on a cool and shaded hill-side, in the open, and in massed beds the way other people grow zinnias! They also have the best post-office in India: definitely a conversation piece for those we-can-be-efficient arguments at home.

Finally, don't miss Coaker's Walk. Discovered by an Army Officer more than a hundred years ago, turnstiles at both ends make sure that only walkers can tread this cliff-carved path: but it's safe, quiet and awe-inspiring. Stretching to the blue horizon before you is an incredible, mountain-framed view of the plains: rose-touched at dawn, cloud-wreathed at mid-day, star-spangled at night. A nation works, strives and sweats at your feet; and you, quiet and serene, stand far above it all, aloof as an Olympian, and as immortal.

And that, come to think of it, is what Shangri-La is all about.

TO TOP IT ALL

every alt. row till 26 sts. remain, work straight till front measures same as back to shoulder, end at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 13 sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front but when working the border, leave the extra Maroon sts. at beg. of the row instead of at the end, and also work the front border so as to face the other border, that is inside the first 13 sts. Complete to match left front reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

With Maroon thread and No. 10 needles cast on 66 sts and work first 16 rows as given for back.

Next row: Commence the Fair Isle pattern as follows: k. 2 Maroon, * 4 White, 4 Maroon, 4 White, 7 Maroon, 2 Green, 7 Maroon, rep. from * twice more.

Complete the pattern of squares and diamond and then work straight in st.st. in Maroon thread till sleeve measures 15 cms. from hemline, end with a row on wrong side.

Now rep. the border pattern 5 times with 2 rows of Maroon between each of the two patterns, also working diamond over squares and squares over diamond for each Fair Isle pattern. See photograph. Work next few rows in Maroon till sleeve measures 41 cms. (or required length) from hemline, end with a row on wrong side.

Shape Top: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row till 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Fold hem at base and sleeve edge to wrong side and hem stitch in place. Set sleeves into armholes. Fold 13 sts. of each centre front to wrong side and sew in place.

Neck Band: With Maroon thread and No. 12 needles pick 128 sts. round neck (including the sts. at back of neck) and work 12 rows of the Fair Isle border as at base of back. Work next 2 rows in Maroon.

Next row: (Right side): p. in Maroon.

In Maroon work another 12 rows in st.st. and cast off. Fold neck band at hemline to wrong side and stitch in place. Stitch 2 hooks and loops at neck band for fastenings.

Arnavaz Dhondy

BOOK REVIEW

EVE'S GUIDE TO FASHION, BEAUTY, COOKERY AND CHILDCARE. By Aroona Reejhsinghani. Published by Aroona Publishing House, Bombay. Price Rs. 25. Pages 224.

Aroona Reejhsinghani, author of many books, has entered the market with another. As the title indicates, this book is a convenient handbook for women, giving useful information on cooking, fashions, beauty care and care of children. This book therefore should be welcome to all classes of women.

We are happy to announce to all our cookery enthusiasts that the Weekly Winner and the Cookery Queen of the month will receive, in addition to the usual prizes, this valuable book as a gift.





BRILLIANT PRINTS, DELICATE FLORAL PRINTS, BLAZING SUNNY PRINTS ON DOBBY CAMBRIC, SATIN COTTON, TEXTURED COTTON, FULL VOILE AND 100% POLY-ESTER SAREES GREET YOU AT HOME, ON THE STREET, IN THE OFFICE OR AT PARTIES. THEY ARE THE PRETTIEST PRINTS THAT HARDLY NEED ADORNMENT. . . JUST PUT THE DESIGN WHEREVER YOU WANT AND SEE THAT LOVELY PASTEL GROUND DANCE WITH LIVELY COLOURS. YOU CAN WEAR THESE PRINTED MARVELS SHOWING UP ON SAREES, SALWAR-KAMEEZ, MAXIS AND CAFTANS . . . ON JUST ANYTHING FOR HOLIDAY WEAR OR EVENING LEISURE HOURS . . . FOR PRINTS MAKE A PERFECT SETTING JUST ANYWHERE, ANY TIME AND ANY PLACE."

Courtesy : Swan Mills Ltd., Bombay.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter.

NEWS PRINT



LEFT : Printed for perfection! A lemon green dotted 100% polyester saree has turquoise, grey and black crysanthemum border; a white and black polka dotted full voile saree is ablaze with orange sun-flowers; while a blue with white floral strewn 100% Polyester saree has an unusual purple and white border and pallav.

CENTRE: The way to look enchanting! A turquoise blue, black and white diamond printed cotton maxi skirt is topped with a turquoise blue 2 x 2 blouse with the very 'in' handkerchief border-

ed sleeves. A yellow, red, white and green floral striped satin cotton maxi is sparked with red dyed cambric frills and sash.

ABOVE: Scintillating, vibrant and so flattering! A cheerful red and white flower-touched, striped textured cotton-salwar-kameez shows off the borders to advantage and is worn with red dyed cotton-satin dupatta echoing the print on both ends; while the latest line caftan with wide raglan sleeves is dramatic with magenta, black and white diagonal Dobby cambric.

THE STORY SO FAR

Guru was dying of cancer when he came to the medical college campus for treatment and his coming proves to be like the proverbial cat among the pigeons. His probing mind, deep insight into human nature, and search for the truth threaten to tear away the mask of sedate respectability from men and women who seemed to be models of rectitude, and fear and suspicion haunt the campus. And in his death he causes even more consternation, with ugly stories of murder making their rounds. These are reinforced when the bucolic Tony is found drowned in a small, shallow pond. Was it an accident or was it, too, a murder?

NOW READ ON:

The situation now had the quality of a nightmare... with horror and a feeling of unreality grappling with each other. The pictures were distorted, confusing, overlapping one another, resulting in a meaningless, frightening jumble. I felt as if I was seeing a horror movie being run through at top speed—Mriga being given a sedative and put to bed, Sunita's face gaunt and ghastly, Vijay steadily cursing, God knows whom, until he suddenly stopped and said, "My God! Cynthia! We've got to tell her."

And there was Cynthia looking unbelievably tall, bending over Mriga, saying, "Don't be scared, child. It's all right." And then, straightening herself out to her full height, towering over us, asking us, "Is it true? Is Tony...?" Vijay said simply, "Yes." And Sunita put out her hand as if to touch Cynthia. But Cynthia, with a little gesture, withdrew from all of us, her face unchanged, saying, "Leave me alone. Please." And then she walked away, her steps as unhurried as usual, while we watched her helplessly. I moved as if I would follow her out, but this time Vijay held me back by a gesture, saying, "No, don't!"

And then, all at once, the room was full of people, with Dr. Kulkarni apologising, my God, yes, apologising to us for the trouble of looking after Mriga, until I screamed, "What kind of a man are you? Look at that child! And you apologise to me!" Shanta looked shocked as if I had committed sacrilege. Sunita gently put an arm round me and led me away. Vijay came in a little later, and said, his voice seeming to come from a long distance, "She's sleeping."

"Who?"

"Mriga. I've persuaded the parents to leave her here for a time. I'm going out for a while."

I knew why and where. It was long past lunch time when Mriga woke up. I had stayed with her in Sonu's room all the while. I didn't want her to be alone when she woke up. She opened her eyes, saw me and smiled. It was a happy smile. Then she looked round, realised where she was and the happiness fled from her face. I moved to the bed and sat by her. She sat up, her arms clasped round her knees, her face young and tragic and said, "Can I stay here and not go home?"

"You're not going anywhere now, Mriga."

"I mean for always. I don't want to go back there."

"Don't say that, Mriga. That's your home. They're your parents."

PART FOUR

IF I DIE TOMORROW

Shashi Deshpande



She laughed. It was a bitter laugh. Too old for a girl her age.

"Parents? Home? You don't know, auntie, how it is. In the morning, he says, 'Good morning, Mriga.' If I'm a little late replying, he says, 'What kind of a boor are you?' My English is bad, my accent is wrong, my walk is a slouch, my face is a mess, my clothes are all wrong..." she choked.

Cynthia came to me in the evening. I was lying down and she looked at me with what

seemed like compassion. As if she had come to comfort me. She looked serene, if a little paler. "Where is Mriga?" she asked. "Gone back home. Shanta came for her. Sit down, Cynthia."

She sat down quickly as if suddenly drained of all strength. "Cynthia," I said after a little silence, "I don't know what to say. Except the usual thing. I'm sorry. You know I mean it."

"The silly old fool," she said scornfully. "The silly old fool!"

"Who, Cynthia?" I asked, astonished, perplexed.

"Why, Tony!" The intensity of her anger showed her grief. "Meddling in matters that were no business of his. You should have seen him at dinner last night. He was all cock-a-hoop. When he went out, he said, 'Don't wait for me. I've some work. I may be late.'"

"And did you sit up?" I felt sorry for her, thinking of her waiting for a man who was already dead.

"I didn't know he hadn't come back. We occupy different rooms, you see."

Those few words explained so much that had always puzzled me. And suddenly her mournful calm broke. "He held it against me that I didn't. . . I mean, I couldn't. . . Maybe, it's better as it is. He'd begun going downhill recently. My God, how fast he was doing it! He had an odd complex. If I'd given up my job and become the pathetically, clinging female, maybe things would have gone right between us. But I couldn't have done that could I?" she looked appealingly at me.

"I don't know, Cynthia."

"It was Guru." She spoke in another startling burst of fury. "If it hadn't been for him. . . Interfering, interfering. What business was it of his? I hated him. God, how I hated him!"

It was strange that I had to hear almost the same words once again that day. Sunita came late at night to see me. She wore no make-up and looked much more than her age. "We're leaving, you know, Manju," she said without preamble.

"Where?"

"Shyam's resigning. He wants to go back to the States."

"And you?"

"What can I do? Anand is so happy at the thought of going back. Can I stay here? Can I break up the family?" She made a gesture of helplessness that moved me deeply. "There's my mother. . . she's so old. To leave her and go. . . I wish," her mouth took a grim line. "I wish I was like Shyam. Thinking of no one but myself. How much easier life would have been for me!" She gave me a crooked smile. "But I can't blame anyone. I married him with my eyes open. I wanted him on any terms. No. I can't blame anyone. Except Guru. If he hadn't come here. . . Sometimes I think I hate him."

It was late before Vijay came home. His face too looked pinched and haggard. I felt sorry for him, but when I said, "Vijay," he turned an imperturbable face to me. I hardened my heart. I could not go on, either. It was he who spoke. "Mriga?"

"Shanta took her home."

"Oh!" There was a long silence after that. He began removing his shoes. Angrily he wrenched them off his feet and dropped them with two separate thuds on the ground. He noticed me staring and asked, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. But Tony?"

"Drowned, they say. Just drowned. A man of Tony's size to drown in a puddle like that!" I said nothing. "The funeral is tomorrow," he went on. "Cynthia says she'd rather have it in Bombay."

Another funeral. But this time, mercifully, it was more distant.

Guru's probings had disturbed the apparently smooth lives of those on the campus, provoking some to self-flagellation, others to self-realisation

It was a horrible day, cheerless and gloomy. A steady rain was falling. I had the horrors, thinking of Tony being lowered into a flooded grave. . . like that man in Kipling's story. In the evening, the rain increased. The wind buffeted the house in an insane fury. The curtains flapped and beat maniacally. It was when it was raining the hardest that Vijay came in, looking like a drowned man.

We sat down to a silent dinner, neither of us able to swallow. Finally, I could bear it no more. "Vijay," I said. "Talk to me, Vijay. Please. I can't bear it any more."

He put down his glass of water and looked at me so oddly I had to nerve myself to go on. "Please," I said desperately. "Let me talk to you. I can't be alone any more."

His face flared into an intense joy. "You mean it, Manju? You want to talk to me?" He began eagerly, but ended hesitantly, doubtfully. "Yes, yes, yes," I said as emphatically as I could. "I can't be alone any more."

"Nor can I, Manju. Nor can I." He held my hands so tightly that I winced with pain. "Today, watching Tony lying there, I felt as if nothing would ever be the same again. If it hadn't been for me, would Tony have died?"

He was saying the words I had most feared, but somehow they didn't frighten me any more. Instead there was relief. Would he have said the words so sorrowfully if. . . ?

"Tony. . . he was killed, wasn't he? Just as Guru was?"

"Yes, I believe that now. I know it now, Manju, I don't know if I'm hurting you by saying this, but if Guru hadn't. . . I mean, it was all his fault. He was either a malicious man or a silly fool. I don't know which one is true."

"You forget," I said. "I know nothing of what Guru did. Only that he was kind to me. . ."

"And I wasn't?" Vijay flashed at me. I was silent. "Maybe, I wasn't. But you. . . so aloof and withdrawn, so encased in your armour of righteousness, how could I tell you what I had done?"

It was as if the pieces fell into place. "It was Prabhakar Tambe, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it began with him. You know about it, Manju?"

I shook my head. "Only that he was a union leader. And he died in the hospital."

"He had a kidney problem. They brought him here because of Kulkarni and Shyam. Shyam was to operate."

"And?"

"It's difficult to explain, Manju. Kulkarni assessed the case wrongly. And Shyam. . . I can't imagine how he bungled it, a man of his skill and experience. But I suppose, it was too simple and uncomplicated a case for him to bother much about. You know how we crave for something unusual!" His voice was bitter. "Actually, Shyam should have left this to a junior. If only he had! But then, Tambe was a kind of VIP. So it was felt Shyam should do it himself. And Tambe died."

"Then it was. . ."

"Negligence, Manju, just simple negligence. It happens. It has happened. But Tambe, being who he was and what he was. . . there were nearly 100 workers waiting outside. . . they went into a blue funk. Shyam went into a panic. And the Dean. . . he came to me."

I knew what was coming. "You know what they wanted me to do? The Dean. . . he as good as told me I had no choice. I had to falsify the cause of death in my autopsy report. Give the surgeons a clean bill of health. Don't blame the Dean too much, Manju. The management was after him. Tambe was a leader in one of the Sethji's mills. God knows what would have happened if the truth had leaked out."

"And Guru?"

"Guru." For the first time, Vijay smiled. "What had he to do with all this? Nothing, really. Yet, everything. He began to probe. I don't know who spoke to him first. Many knew. There were others in the theatre, you know. Someone must have spoken to Guru. And Guru started. He began with Kulkarni. And Shyam. Then he came to me. He imagined. . . My God, he was naive, that fellow. He had met Tambe's wife. . . widow, you see," Vijay's face twitched. "And he asked me, 'Have you people any idea of what you've done?' He told me about the kind of work Tambe had been doing among the workers. And about his wife. . . widow. Tara, he always called her as if he knew her well. And of their three children. And then, he, Guru, spoke to me of reparation. You can make no reparation, he said, to a woman who's lost her husband. To kids who've lost their father. But you can make things right within yourself. My God, he was mad. He held the threat of telling you."

"And why didn't you tell me?"

"How could I? I thought you would despise me. I thought you didn't care. I thought you had never cared. You told me, remember, soon after our marriage, about Dennis."

"No, no, Vijay," I stammered out, eager to convince him, desperate to make him understand, furious that I couldn't get the right words fast enough. "It isn't true now. Maybe then. . . I was a fool, Vijay. I thought telling you the truth was the right thing. I didn't think of how it would hurt you. I was just proud of my honesty. Dennis. . ." I smiled. A shadow. A ghost. No, not even that. A mirage. "He doesn't exist any more. There's only you. And Sonu."

There was a storm outside. Guru was dead. And Tony lay in his newly dug grave with the rain beating on him. And Cynthia grieved her heart out in an angry sorrow all by herself. But within me, there was peace. For, I could see that Vijay believed me. And I was no longer alone. And I could see that it was that way for Vijay as well.

"Shall I go on?" he asked after a time. I nodded. "Guru was working on the Dean, too. You know how the Dean admired Guru. I think he was weakening, thinking of letting the truth come out, of resigning. But there were the rest of us to be considered — Shyam, Kulkarni, me. He consulted me. I felt. . . what? Maybe scared. Maybe relieved. And then Guru died."

"Murdered, Tony said. He told me about it. . . the evening he died."

"What did he say?" Vijay leaned forwards eagerly.

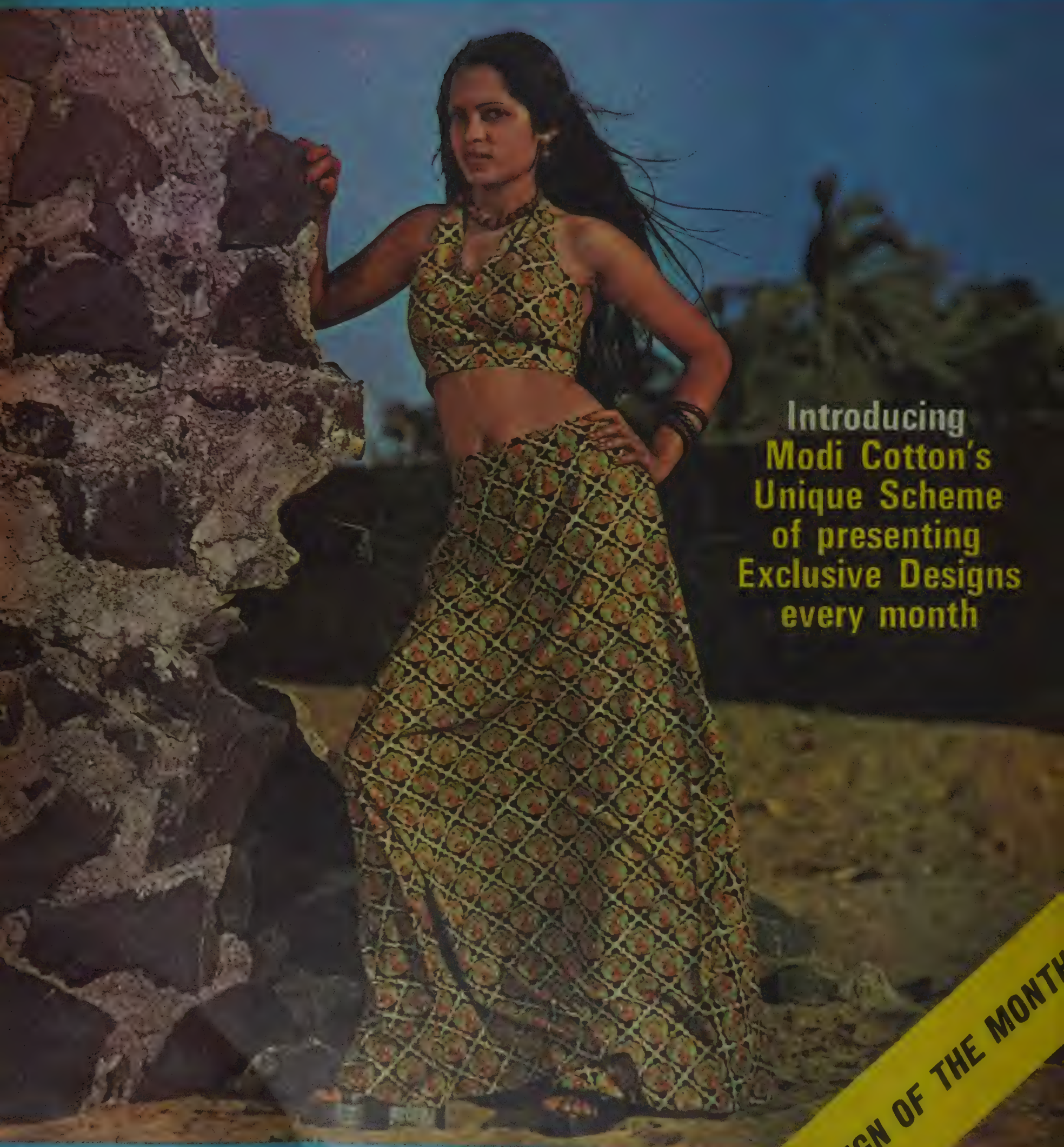
What was it Tony had told me? The words came tumbling back into me — his words. "You remember, Manju, that evening before Guru died? We were all there, remember? I was a bit tight, too, remember?" Wrinkles had spread across his face as he had smiled at the memory. "And Ashok had put me to bed in their spare room, the one next to Guru's. And there I was, lying on the bed, feeling bitterly ashamed of myself for having made a fool of myself, dreading the thought of going home and facing Cyn, when I heard footsteps in the corridor outside. They entered the next room. . . Guru's. Later, after a while, I heard the footsteps go away. And I thought. . . let me go and talk to Guru if he's awake. He was lying alone there." Tony had paused as if reliving the moment. "He turned round as I entered and said, 'Who's there?' 'It is me, Tony.' His voice was thick. 'Feeling sleepy, are you? I'll go away, then.' 'No,' he said. 'I'm fine. Just a bit groggy. You

Continued on page 33

FEBRUARY 1978

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DESIGN OF THE MONTH



1 cup chopped piece, walnuts and cashewnuts
 Salt and pepper to taste
 2 tbsps. mayonnaise sauce
 Mix everything well and make sandwiches. Cut to fancy shapes.

COCONUT AND ONION FILLING

1 cup grated fresh coconut
 1 cup very finely chopped onion
 1 tbsp. lemon juice
 1 1/2 tbsps. butter

MAKE THEM FANCY!

From a humble beginning—as a slice of meat between bread slices—the sandwich has acquired refinement that makes it as appropriate to serve in the living room as at luncheons or picnics. Many varieties of bread and rolls as well as fillings are used in sandwiches. But another interesting aspect of sandwich making is the shape you give it to make it more appetizing! For fancy sandwiches, cutters are convenient, but a sharp knife may be used. Here JYOTI PAREKH gives you some fancy ways of cutting sandwiches. The fillings are vegetarian to be enjoyed by all!

CHEESE AND CREAM FILLING

3 tbsps. grated cheese
 1 tbsp. butter
 1 tsp. mustard powder

1 tbsp. fresh cream
 Salt and pepper to taste

Mix everything well and spread on a slice of bread and cover with a buttered slice of bread. Cut the sandwiches to fancy shaped pieces and arrange them attractively in a plate and serve.

CHEESE AND CARROT FILLING

3 tbsps. grated cheese
 3 tbsps. grated carrot
 1 tbsp. butter
 1 tbsp. mayonnaise sauce
 Salt and pepper to taste

Mix everything well and make sandwiches.

CHEESE AND APPLE FILLING

3 tbsps. grated cheese
 3 tbsps. pieces of apple
 1 tbsps. butter
 1 tbsp. pieces of walnuts
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1 tbsp. mayonnaise sauce

Mix everything well and make sandwiches.

VEGETABLE AND NUT FILLING

1/2 cup shredded cabbage
 1/2 cup chopped cucumber



1 tsp. turmeric powder
 2 tsp. red chilli powder
 Salt to taste

Mix everything and spread on a slice of bread and make sandwiches.

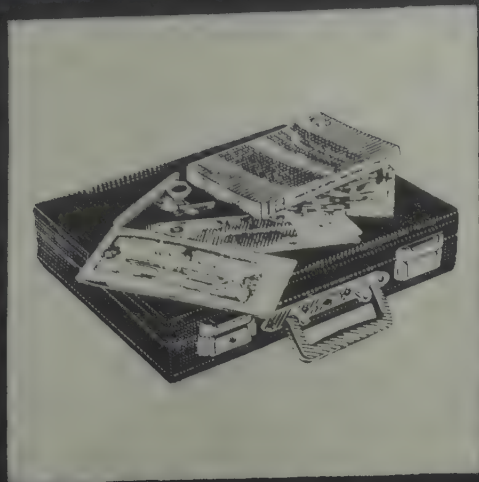
APPLE AND PEANUT FILLING

2 tbsps. peanut butter
 2 tbsps. apple pieces
 1 tbsp. ground peanuts
 1/2 tbsp. lemon juice

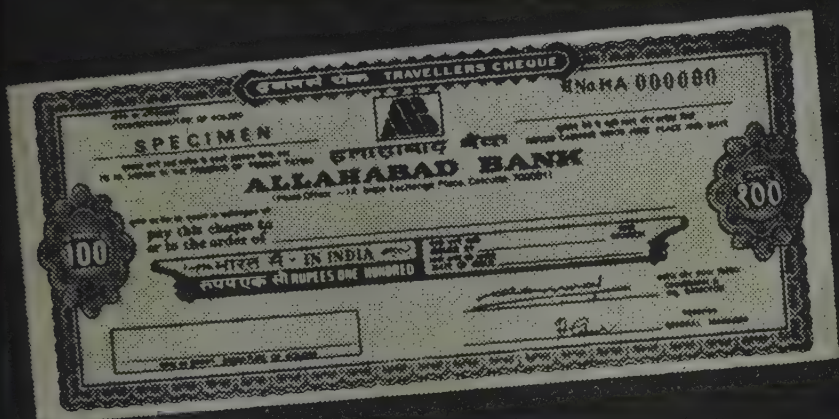
Mix everything and make sandwiches.



Photograph: Farokh Reporter



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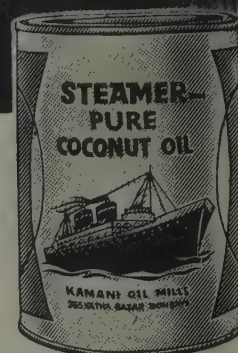
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IF I DIE TOMORROW

Continued from page 29

know these doctors. Go on giving you things to make you forget your pains. I've already had two pricks this evening. I sat with him for a while. He seemed awfully dopey. He didn't talk much. After a while he dropped off, so I went out. Later, when Ashok and I were talking about it, Ashok was shocked. He said no one was supposed to give Guru any injections except Ashok himself. And Ashok had given Guru only one that evening."

"An injection?" Vijay said thoughtfully. "Maybe it was morphine."

"And Tony? How did he die? Maybe he was just drowned after all?"

"Drowned? A man like Tony in that bit of water? And he wasn't even drunk. No, he must have been drugged... and pushed in. I'll know by tomorrow."

"Vijay..." I said in a small voice.

"Mriga told me something this morning. I think you ought to know."

And I told him about Kulkarni and Rani Agarwal and how I had come across Mriga in her hysterical state that evening. "And she says when she left me she didn't go back home. She had some funny idea of waiting for her father, of confronting him with what she had seen. Vijay, that man is cruel to that child, just cruel. Anyway, she waited for him on a bench near the tennis court. But her father never came that way. Someone else did. Two people... Tony and the Dean."

We stared at each other in silence. "And he's not the only one, Vijay, Cynthia hated Guru. She told me herself. And Vimla." I told him about Vimla and Sumant. Vijay removed his glasses and wiped his eyes like a weary child. His hand groped for mine and held on to it as if it was his only hope. "Let's leave it there, shall we, Manju? That's enough for now. I can't take any more. Honestly, I can't. Let's just leave it for tonight."

That was all the respite we were to have. The next morning there was a phone call for Vijay from Bombay. He came back to me, his face bleak. "I was right. Tony was drugged before he died." After a while he said, "I have to inform the Dean about this."

Some instinct made me say, "Not on the phone. Call him here."

I was sitting outside in the veranda, pretending to read, when the Dean came out. I thought he would go without talking to me. He did walk to the front

door. Then he came back. "You know, Manju," he said, speaking slowly, "I've just realised I never really thought of Tony at all. To me, he was just Cynthia's husband. Cynthia was important to me because of the hospital. But Tony meant nothing at all."

He went on reflectively, tracing patterns in the dust on the table. "Humans... we don't think about them enough. But it's wrong... all wrong. It's people who matter most. Nothing should matter more."

He raised his eyes as if he was looking at something. And

seen the Dean?"

"Yes, in the morning..."

"No, I mean after that."

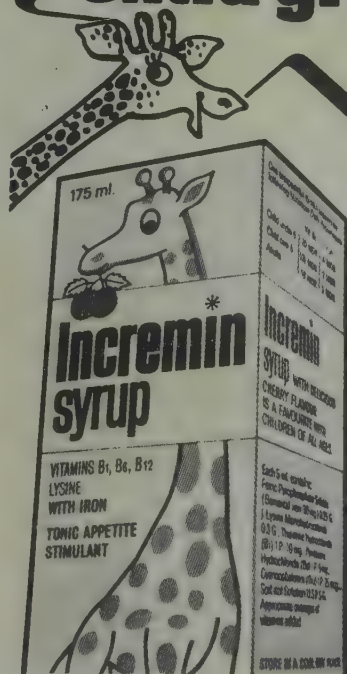
"No, I haven't. Is anything wrong?"

"Don't know. Hope not. Don't worry. I'll be back soon."

He returned with furrows of anxiety on his face. "I haven't been able to trace him. Nobody has seen him today. His secretary doesn't know. Nor does Rani. Or Vidya. They don't imagine there's anything unusual about his absence. But I... I'm afraid, Manju."

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I knew what he was seeing. The hospital. And I remembered how he had sent his children away to a boarding school at an early age, because there had been no school here then. And how, we had heard, Rani had violently protested at first. And finally drifted away herself. So he has them too, I thought... moments of self-flagellation, when you feel everything you've done has been wrong.

He left me and went away. That was in the morning. In the evening, Vijay rang me up from the hospital. "Manju, have you

He was miserably restless. Some time later, he said, "Manju, I hate to ask you this, but can you do one thing for me? Will you go to the Dean's house and see if he's back? If he isn't, will you find out if he said anything to Rani at all? I'd have gone myself, but..."

I went. And all the way my mind kept repeating the same silly, childish words. "Oh God, let it be all right." But something told me it was not all right. The Dean... had he like Guru and Tony, been murdered?

Concluded

QUIZ

HEGMAN

- Where is the famous Sun temple in India?
- What rank in the Air Force is equivalent to that of a Lt. Colonel in the Army?
- Who was the first Asian to win the Nobel prize?
- Name the script used for Hindi, Marathi and Sanskrit.
- What is the Japanese name for Japan?
- Who was the founder of the Brahmo Samaj?
- What substance in the human blood is named after a monkey?
- What is a sphygmomanometer used for?
- In fiction, whose mount was Rosinante?
- What fraction of the Rajya Sabha retires every two years?
- What does T. N. T. stand for?
- In whose honour was the Gateway of India built?
- Who was the builder of the Grand Trunk Road?
- What is solidified carbon dioxide known as?
- Who is the Chairman of the Rajya Sabha?
- What is the study of months known as?
- What is aqua regia?
- Name the Japanese art of folding paper.

- Konark in Orissa.
- Wing Commander.
- Rabindranath Tagore.
- Devanagari.
- Nippon.
- Raja Rama Mohan Roy.
- The rhesus factor after the rhesus monkey.
- To measure blood pressure.
- Don Quixote.
- One-third.
- The explosive, Trinitrotoluene.
- King George V.
- Sher Shah Suri.
- Dry ice.
- The Vice-President.
- Mendology.
- A mix of conc. HNO₃ + Conc. HCL (3:1) that can dissolve noble metals like gold.
- Orizami.

ANSWERS

PERSONAL CHOICE

ASSAMESE CUISINE



As she remembers, Mrs. PURABI BUBBER was always interested in cooking. She perfected her culinary art under the guidance of her mother, an excellent cook. After college and a stint in the airlines, Purobi got married and shortly after started conducting cookery classes and teaching flower arrangement.

Purobi's cookery book, "The Joys of Chinese Cooking", published by Vikas Publication, Delhi, will soon be available in the market. Right now she is working on two other books — "Party Time Cookery" and "Vegetarian Cookery". She has also been judging many cookery contests in Indore.

This young and charming woman is a marvelous hostess, even regales her guests with Indian classical singing and playing the sitar. Purobi advises every young girl to have a good knowledge of cooking if she wants to have a healthy and happy family.

The staple food of Assamese is rice accompanied by fish, meat and vegetables. Simple and healthy, their way of cooking does not ruin the food value. It is excellent food for slimers, diabetics and heart patients because it's non-fattening. The cooking medium is always mustard oil, ghee being used only for very few dishes.

A few rules for cooking Assamese food:

1. Do not overcook anything, specially vegetables, because it will ruin vitamins, etc.
2. Cook food always covered with lid because vitamins like C, etc. evaporate if vessel is open.
3. Always try and maintain original colour specially in green leafy vegetables, or the vitamin and chlorophyll, so essential for our body needs, will be ruined.

MASPATOT DIA (FISH ROLL)

$\frac{1}{2}$ kg. fish fillets, skinned and bonned
60 grams fresh coconut, grated
2 onions, chopped

2 eggs, lightly beaten
2 cloves garlic, chopped
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut milk
1 tsp. curry powder
2 tbsps. chopped cashewnuts
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil or ghee
5 banana leaves or silver foil cut into 8 inches squares
2 tsps. salt
1 tbsp. juice of ginger
2 tsps. lime juice

Mince finely or rub fish through a coarse wire sieve. Heat 1 tablespoon oil in a pan and fry coconut for 3 minutes and remove. Heat rest of the oil in a pan and fry onions and garlic until golden brown. Add all rest of the ingredients except banana leaves. Mix well. Cook for 10-15 minutes. Lightly grease banana leaves and divide the mixture equally among them. Wrap up well and put a cocktail stick through to make it secure or tie with thread.

Bake in a preheated (200 deg. F) oven for 25-30 minutes. When leaves turn brown, remove. Serve with Mayonnaise.

MUTTON KORMA

- 1 cup ghee or oil
- 1 kg. lean meat
- 2 cups curd
- 5 onions
- 4 cloves garlic
- 1" piece ginger
- 3 tsps. sugar
- 1 green chilli
- 2 tbsps. raisins
- 1 tsp. garam masala (cardamom, cinnamon, cloves, peppercorns)
- 2-3 tsp. level salt
- 2 tbsps. vinegar
- 4 bay leaves

Cut and clean meat. Wash and drain. Add curd and vinegar. Let it stand for half an hour. Grind to a paste onions, garlic ginger, chilli. Heat ghee, put bay leaves and ground paste. Fry till colour turns brown, add mutton and keep stirring. Add salt and cover with lid. Cook until tender. Add raisins, sugar and garam, masala. When gravy thickens, remove from fire.

TENGA

- 1 kg. tomatoes
- 4 potatoes, boiled and mashed
- 2 tsps. salt
- 1 tsp. mustard or methi seeds
- 1 tsp. aniseeds
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 tbsps. mustard oil
- 2 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
- 2 1/2 cups water

Pour hot water over tomatoes. Keep aside for 5 minutes. Then remove skin and chop.

Heat oil in a pan, put aniseeds and mustard seeds. When they splutter, add mashed potatoes. Keep stirring. Fry until dry. Add chopped tomatoes. Mix well and cook until thickened. Add salt and sugar. Add water and cover the lid. Cook over low flame for 25 minutes. Remove from fire and add coriander leaves.

Note:

Tenga is always served with rice, fried fish or boiled eggs.

KHAR

- 1 small marrow (lauki)
- 2 tbsps. mung dal
- 120 grams spinach
- 3 cloves garlic, chopped
- 2 tbsps. mustard oil
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda-bicarb
- 1 tsp. cummin seed and water

Clean spinach, discard stems and chop. Wash and soak mung dal. Peel marrow. Remove seeds and chop very finely. Heat oil in a dekchi. Put cummin seeds, add all the ingredients at once except soda. Stirring well, fry until it sticks to dekchi.

Add soda bi-carb and little water. Cover the lid. Cook over very slow flame. Keep stirring often until it is cooked well and thickened. Remove. Small fried fish can be added or left over fish pieces. Fry a little before adding. Serve with rice.

Excellent dish for those who suffer from gas trouble and stomach trouble.

ASSAMESE COCONUT RICE

- 2 cups rice (Joha Assamese Rice) or Basmati

- 1 cup fresh coconut, grated
- 4 onions, sliced
- 3 tbsps. raisins
- 15 cashew nuts, chopped
- 3 cloves garlic
- 4 bay leaves
- 2 level tsps. salt
- 2 level tsps. sugar
- 2 stick cinnamon
- 1 tsp. cardamom powder
- 1/2 cup ghee
- 1 tsp. ginger, chopped

Wash the rice, soak for one hour and drain well. Grind to a paste onions, garlic and ginger. Heat ghee in a dekchi. Put bay leaves and fry the onion paste until brown. Put coconut, chopped nuts and cinnamon. Add rice, stir well and fry for few minutes. Sprinkle with cardamom powder. Put the mixture in a steamer. Steam until rice is tender. Serve hot. Garnish with tomato slices and raisins.

MELLEE (FISH WITH COCONUT)

- 1/2 kg. white fish
- 1/2 cup mustard oil
- 4 onions, sliced
- 1 red chilli, deseeded
- 1/2 tsp. cummin seed
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 2 cloves garlic
- 1/2 tsp. pepper, ginger juice
- 1 1/2 tsps. salt
- 1 1/2 cup coconut milk and left over coconut

Coriander leaves, chopped

1 lemon, sliced
Keep the fish whole if it is Pomfret but if it is Salmon, Cod or any other river fish, cut them into 2-3 big pieces. Cut into fillet to avoid bones. Wash and wipe fish and rub little salt. Heat oil in a frying pan. Brown the fish slightly. Remove from pan. Grind together onions and garlic, mix with ginger juice. Heat the left over oil from fish fry, add chilli and onion paste. Add turmeric cummin, pepper and salt and fry until brown. Add fish. Stir gently. Add half the coconut milk and coconut. Reduce heat and simmer for 10-15 minutes. Pour remaining coconut milk and left over coconut. Coat the fish well. Reheat before serving. Garnish with crisp fried onion rings, chopped coriander

leaves and lemon slices.

TO MAKE COCONUT MILK:

1-2 fresh coconut. Crack into two pieces with a hammer. Grate the white flesh. Measure the grated coconut with cup and place in a bowl. Mix twice as much water i.e. with 1 cup coconut — 2 cups water. Mix well and leave for 2 hours. Put the soft coconut in a muslin bag and squeeze out as much liquid as possible. This liquid is called coconut milk.

KOBI ALUR SAURSARI

(Cauliflower And Potatoes With Mustard)

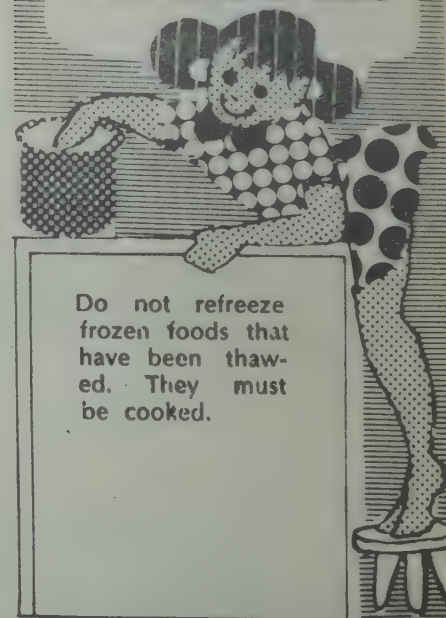
- 1 medium sized cauliflower
- 3 potatoes, peeled and cut into fingers
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 3 onions
- 1/2 cup white mustard seeds (rai)
- 2 tbsps. poppy seeds (khush khush)
- 2 green chillis
- 3 cloves garlic
- 2 tbsps. ginger juice
- 1/2 cup oil
- Salt to taste

Soak mustard seeds for 2/3 hours. Grind to paste onion, garlic and poppy seeds, add ginger juice. Grind mustard with few slices of onions and 1 green chilli to a paste. Heat oil. Fry onion paste until brown, add turmeric and salt. Add potato fingers and cauliflower, broken into flowerettes, stirring all the time. Fry for 10 minutes (do not let it stick to the pan) add 1 cup water, cook until tender. Cover the lid. Mix mustard paste with 1/2 cup water and add to the vegetables. Stir well and reduce heat. Cover lid. Keep for 3 minutes and remove. Do not break the vegetables or over cook. They should be firm when cooked. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves and chillis, cut lengthwise.

ASSAMESE RICE PUDDING

- 1/2 cup rice (Joha or Basmati)
- 4 cups milk
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tbsps. butter
- 1 cup mixed fruits (fruit cocktail tin)
- 1 1/2 cup cream
- 1/2 cup raisins or blanched chopped almonds

cuckoo lal



Do not refreeze frozen foods that have been thawed. They must be cooked.

- 2 level tbsps. gelatine
- 4 egg yolks
- 2 tbsps. sugar
- 1 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 cup glace cherries for garnishing

Clean and soak rice for 1 hour, drain well.

Heat milk and sugar, add rice, cook over very slow heat. Keep stirring. Add raisins or almonds. Cook until rice is very soft. Add butter and cool. Add the well drained fruits. Whip cream until quite stiff and add to the rice mixture. Dissolve gelatine with 3 tablespoons hot water. Mix well. Put egg yolks in a bowl and place the bowl over a pan of hot water. Whisk and add 2 tablespoons sugar. Whisk until creamy. Heat the milk (do not boil) and pour over egg mixture and add gelatine. Mix well. Cook this over very slow flame, when it thickens, pour over the rice mixture. Stir thoroughly.

Pour mixture into a greased mould. Keep in a cool place, preferably in the refrigerator until set, about an hour. Turn out the mould in a plate and garnish with glace cherries.

Note: Cream can be omitted if you want.

ATTENTION COOKERY CONTESTANTS

ANNOUNCING

MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, 1) A non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A gift Hamper from WIEKFIELD containing Wiekfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A book, "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00,

- 1) A 230 mm non-stick Fry Pan (March); and 230 mm non-stick Taper Fry Pan (April) from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A cash prize, of Rs. 101.00 from WIEKFIELD, and 3) A book, "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty Cookery and Childcare" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.

So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with photograph and coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.

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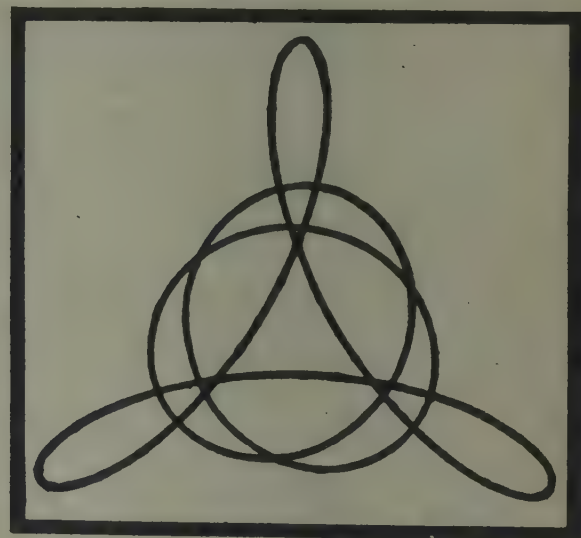
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recipes from our readers



Mrs. J. Jayaraj, Trichy.

EGG MUTTON CHOPS

1 kg. mutton chops
3 eggs beaten
Dry bread crumbs
2 ripe tomatoes
Salt to taste

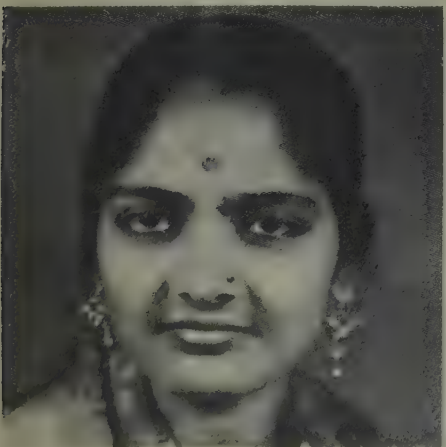
GRIND TO A SMOOTH PASTE:

10 dry red chillis
100 grams onions (small ones)
1½ tsps. aniseeds
1" piece cinnamon
2 cloves

Ghee or refined oil to fry

Wash chops. Heat oil and add the ground masala paste, salt, chops and chopped tomatoes. Cook till meat is tender and the masala dry. Cool.

Dip each piece of chop, coated with the cooked masala, in between eggs, roll in bread crumbs and deep fry in ghee or refined oil in low flame till brown and crisp. Serve hot with ketchup.



Mrs. Sudha Varshney, Bhopal.

EGG TOMATO NOODLES

3 eggs, beaten
4 cups wheat flour
1 cup soya flour
1 cup gram flour
1 packet tomato soup
Salt to taste
100 grams oil
2-4 green chillis
50 grams grated coconut
1 tsp. mustard seeds
Coriander and curry leaves

Put eggs, wheat flour, soya flour, gram flour, one tablespoon oil, salt, tomato soup in a bowl and mix by hand to stiff, firm dough. Add cold water as required and work on the dough, until it is smooth and elastic, about 5-10 minutes.

Divide into four portions and roll out each piece as thin as possible on lightly floured board or table top. Leave for 2-3 minutes. Roll up loosely and cut into strips about ¼ inch wide with a sharp knife.

Dry these cut strips of noodles by spreading them on a cloth. They will dry enough to use in about one hour.

Drop slowly into a large saucepan, half filled with boiling salted water, so that boiling does not stop. Cook uncovered for about 7 minutes. Put noodles in a colander and drain.

Heat the remaining oil and add curry leaves, mustard seeds and then add noodles and stir for 5 minutes on a slow heat.

Turn out noodles in a serving dish and garnish with green chilli, grated coconut and coriander leaves. Serve them hot with tea.



Thrity E. Bharucha, Bombay.

LIVER LOAF

220 grams chicken liver
½ tsp. ginger garlic paste
½ tsp. chilli powder
A pinch of turmeric powder
Salt to taste
2 cubes of cheese
2 tsps. dessicated coconut
Juice of 1 lime
Some coriander leaves
2 loaves of bread (medium sized)
2 extra slices of bread

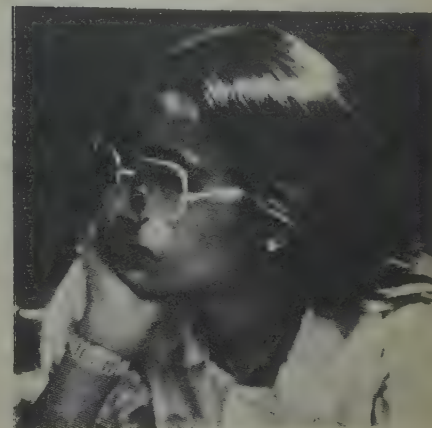
Clean and wash the chicken livers. Cut each piece into smaller squares. Apply the ginger-garlic paste, salt, and the dry masala. Cover and keep in a cool place for about two hours.

Place the pieces on a greased tray, and bake in a moderate oven till done (about 10/15 minutes). Allow to cool.

Grate the cheese. Mix the cheese, coconut, lime juice and cor-

iander leaves (chopped fine) with the baked liver.

Take each loaf, and cut a hole in the centre. Through the hole remove the inside of the bread, as much as possible, leaving all 3 sides and bottom of the loaf intact. Fill half the mixture into one loaf and half into the other. Cut out a round from each of the two spare slices of bread, and fit inside the hole in the loaf, thus closing the opening. Place both the loaves in a moderate oven, and toast them till crisp. Serve hot.



Miss Sukhjait Sahai, Jodhpur.

SNOW EGGS

6 eggs
1 litre milk
100 grams sugar
A few green cardamom seeds
A few pistachio nuts, slivered
A few almonds, slivered
A little red currant jelly

Beat to a stiff froth the white of eggs. Boil the milk in a dekchi, place upon its surface as many table spoonfuls of the whipped eggs as will stand upon it without touching each other; as each spoonful is cooked and assumes the appearance of snow, remove carefully and place on a sieve to drain, continue this till you have used all the whip. Now add the sugar to the milk and cook the mixture till it thickens. Cool and add ground green cardamom seeds, pistachio nuts and almonds. Pour the mixture into a glass dish, arranging the snow eggs on it, with a little red-currant jelly placed on each.



Mrs. Beena Thakur, of Goa wins, Rs 50/- cash prize for this week's best recipe plus non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and Tin-o-Mat by Trupti Industries, Bombay.

CHICKEN BREAD BOX

1 sandwich bread
2 cups cooked chicken, boned and chopped
2 onions, chopped
2 tomatoes, chopped
2 eggs, beaten
1½ tsps. butter
2 tsps. cooking oil

Coriander leaves, chopped
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE:

10 green chillis
1 pod garlic
1" piece ginger

FOR GARNISHING:

1 hard boiled egg, cut into rings
1 large onion, cut into rings

Scoop the bread from one side with the help of a knife. Make it like a box, leaving the sides and bottom ½" thick. Deep fry the scooped bread till crisp and keep aside.

Heat oil in a dekchi. Fry chopped onions till light brown, add tomatoes, ginger, garlic, chilli paste and salt and fry well. Add chicken, beaten eggs. Cook for sometime then add fried breadcrumbs, and coriander leaves. Fry till mixture becomes dry.

Now brush the bread box from inside with the butter. Fill the prepared mixture, inside and bake in hot oven (400 deg. F.) till golden brown. While serving cut into thick slices and top with onions and egg rings.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

Address your entry to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Bombay Samachar Marg, Fort, Bombay-400 023



SHEER DIGNITY

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He was busy with Shatrughan Sinha's secretary, but he finished within minutes, apologised profusely for the five-minute wait ("I really am very, very sorry") and settled down comfortably, cuddling a cushion. "Date problems with Shatru?" I enquired.

"No, no. They want to know where I'll be shooting so that they can synchronise with other producers. I don't have date problems or price problems with any artiste."

In Manoj's room upstairs (of course, he lives in the filmi Juhu-Parle colony), the walls are lined with volumes and volumes of thick books, the likes of which I'd never have the patience to sit down and read. I didn't count, but there must have been a few hundreds at least. Several bottles full of tablets occupied one part of a shelf. I thought to myself, hell, I hope Manoj Kumar isn't a hypochondriac.

First I asked Manoj about those huge volumes on Homoeopathy — his pet pastime. "I may not have read the other books in the house, but as far as those on homoeopathy are concerned, I have read every one of them carefully — some of them more than once."

The dozens of bottles filled with various tablets were homoeopathic tablets. "I practise a little on friends and unit members," he revealed.

Manoj Kumar has two very

—toey with Vidya, his ringing up Dimple). Manoj never gives a quick answer.

Manoj's second peculiarity is his habit of pulling his hair. Manoj is suffering from an illness (a spinal cord problem) which gives him a lot of pain. We're told that he pulls his hair whenever he can't bear the pain.

However, it doesn't show on his face. He does look pained, though, when you ask him about some gossip. He hates the very word and says, "Write what you want about my films. Write any rubbish you want about it. But please leave my personal life out of it."

But then Manoj Kumar doesn't lose sleep over gossip—especially the written kind. "One magazine even said that I made blue movies," he said with a sad smile. Perhaps Manoj is one person who has been written against the most — his films

are torn to pieces; his Bharat image is laughed at; his political affiliations aren't taken seriously; every action of his is interpreted in a dozen different ways to suit the moment; his goody-goody image is disbelieved — almost anything Manoj comes up with is looked at sceptically. And yet, surprisingly, Manoj is not bitter. "No man is a saint," he admits.

"Kranti" is on the floor and Manoj is immersed in it fully. "It is a difficult subject to make," he pointed out. A non-violent film, the unit unfortunately has suffered a lot of setbacks. A boy in the unit was injured, Parveen Babi cut her finger badly and Nariman Irani, the cameraman, died suddenly. There was a gossip item that Manoj Kumar is so scared of blood that when his heroine cut her finger he quickly closed his

eyes and stayed away. "Who likes a sight like that?" he asks.

The death of Nariman Irani was, of course, the worst possible mishap. "I didn't lose a cameraman," said Manoj. "I lost a sincere worker and a close friend."

What does Manoj have to say about the popular opinion that he was a lousy actor but a terrific director? This time he took fifteen minutes before replying. "I will not refute the majority's opinion. But as far as I am concerned, Manoj Kumar the actor has never let down Manoj the director. Actor Manoj has not let down anybody — as the swashbuckler of 'Dus Numbri' or as Bharat or as the Gangaram of 'Pehchan'. So why shouldn't Manoj the director give him a chance in his films?"

You can't argue with logic like that!

MANOJ KUMAR: always diplomatic

N. Bharathi

distinct peculiarities. One is his way of talking slowly and carefully with huge pauses devoted to thinking out the most diplomatic answers.

Every actor has an individual style of answering questions. Dev Anand is spontaneous and quick with a diplomacy that comes naturally and swiftly to him. Raj Kapoor is spontaneous too, but not necessarily diplomatic all the time. Sunil Dutt is spontaneous again, but his undiplomatic sentences are not for the record.

Manoj Kumar has his own brand of speech. Always diplomatic. A slow "Forget this subject, don't even touch it" when it calls for an off-the-cuff answer about a colleague or an unpalatable topic (e.g. the current rumours about his playing toey



Photograph: Girish Shukla

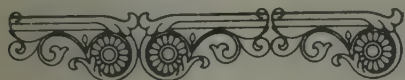


Mayah Balse's "half-story", enticingly entitled "Marital Deadlock," induced a vast number of readers to try their hand at our Complete-the-Story contest. From the enormous number of entries, an initial weeding out was done by Mr. Subash Rele, Editor, "Industrial Times," and Mr. Rajan Narayan, Editor, "Mirror" — along with the Editor, "Eve's Weekly."

The final judging was done by MRS. PEARL PADAMSEE, eminent stage and screen personality, MR. RAHUL SINGH, Editor and Director, "Reader's Digest," and Mrs. Gulshan Ewing.

The winning entry by Krishna Narayan, a unanimous choice by the three judges, is published here and gets the prize of Rs. 250.

The judges also commended Valerie De Brass and Maya C. Malani, whose entries were considered next best for their style, content and smooth transition from the original "first-half."



MARITAL DEADLOCK

Krishna Narayan

Lily disengaged herself from my arms with a start. Her head swung towards the door. She regarded Kamal for a moment, then turned to me, her eyebrows raised in question.

I made gurgling sounds in my throat.

Lily promptly went up to my wife. "You must be Kamal," she said, smiling through her tears. "Your husband's told me a lot about you." She drew Kamal into the room. "Come in and sit down. Girls in your condition mustn't stay too long on their feet."

Kamal, too surprised to protest, obeyed.

Lily mopped her eyes with the pallu of her sari. "I'm Lily," she told Kamal. "Mother of the most ungrateful son in the world!" She drew in a choking breath. "Tommy's run away from home. And after all that I've done for him!" She burst afresh into a spate of tears.

Her effrontery took my breath away. But it wouldn't work, I told myself. Kamal was not that gullible. Incredibly naive though she was, she couldn't fail to see through Lily's brazen pretence. However, there seemed no way out but to play out the farce for what it was worth.

COMPLETE THE STORY CONTEST

What does a man do, when he's had a row with his wife? I clutched at my glass and stared into it foggy eyed. I could only hear the tink of glasses. The noise reminded me vaguely of Kamal's bangles. I felt sorrier for myself but could not cry. Isn't it strange? I had ordered her out of the house myself and now I repented for having asked her to go.

Kamal was my wife. We had been married for only seven months. I had aspired for perfect happiness, yet here I was drowning my sorrow in drink. And God alone knew where Kamal was.

I suppose I got carried away with my drinking because I suddenly realised a waiter was standing at my table with a bill and the bar was closed. I focussed my eyes in the best way I could, and noticed he had totted up an extremely large amount. I must have uttered some swear word in protest. In my hurried way, or perhaps I punched him, because the next minute he was picking me up by the scuff of the neck. I saw a suited figure near at hand and realised the manager had materialised.

He laid a firm hand on my shoulder. A grip of steel. I winced. Suddenly a shadow fell across us and a husky voice said, "Leave him alone."

"But ma'am... he has no money to pay for all those drinks," protested the manager.

She pulled out some notes and deposited them in the tray. "He is my son," she said in explanation. They released me at once. I glanced at her sharply because I had never set eyes on her in my life. Perhaps she's mad, I thought. Only a crazy woman would offer to foot the drinking bill of a complete stranger.

The waiter and manager departed. The few stragglers in the bar seemed steeped in their own woes.

"What's your name?" I asked. "Shh, quiet. Don't you know your own mother?"

I shook her off. "You're not my mother," I protested.

"Where is your gratitude?" she asked.

I lurched out wordlessly. She followed me. Outside a light rain was falling. A car was parked at the kerb. She fumbled for her keys, got the car door open and said, "Get in."

The only reason which prompted me to obey her command was a selfish one. I could not trust myself to walk. I suddenly felt sick. I retched out my broken heart on the pavement. It stank.

"What's wrong with you?" she asked.

My head felt clearer now. "I want to die," I said melodramatically.

"Get in," she said again. I climbed in and slammed the door shut. She started the car and swished down the road. The dancing reflections of the lights on the road seemed to wink obscenely at my tragedy.

"There are quicker ways to die," she said crisply. "Drink prolongs the agony. Now where can I drop you? At the level crossing? There are trains every now and then. You can just go and lie down on the tracks."

"I've changed my mind mother. Please take me home."

She glanced at me quickly.

"Where do you stay?"

"If you're my mother, as you say, you ought to know," I challenged.

She laughed. "All right wise guy, I'm not your mother. That was just for the benefit of the guys in the restaurant. And this is for your benefit, so listen. I'm taking you to my place. I have every right to be paid back."

"If I had any money with me," I said. "Do you think I would have let you pay for my drinks?"

"I'm not asking for money," she said.

"Then what are you asking for?"

"Rest your head against my shoulder," I moved up and sat close to her. She didn't speak. Her subtle perfume wafted to me.

"My wife has left me," I said. Still no reaction. "Can't you understand?" I almost screamed. "She has left me."

"You won't get her back if you scream at me."

I saw the futility of it. I closed my eyes.

You do not know how a woman will turn out till you marry her. Courtship is so different. Marriage sours everything. What you took before for singleness of purpose becomes just plain stubbornness, impeccable taste turns into extravagance, and silence which seems so soothing in the engagement days, has detestable overtones of secretiveness.

I discovered one thing about Kamal which shocked me. She had a cruel streak in her. It came as a surprise after the innocence of the earlier years. I suppose all women have in them some deep rooted cruelty. It probably comes from having to bear pain, both in physical and emotional realms,

more frequently than their male counterparts.

We married with perfect concurrence from both our families. My parents were happy because Kamal came from an extremely wealthy and sophisticated family. Kamal's parents from whom I expected, if not opposition, then at least a faint reluctance, surprised me by agreeing at once. I found it strange then. I understand their behaviour in retrospect. You see Kamal was a grown woman physically but never went beyond a ten-year old mentality as far as emotional development was concerned.

I was a college professor by profession, with hair that was just starting to grey at the temples, which went rather well with my thin stern lips, horn rimmed glasses and wise expression.

Kamal was my student and it shocked me to be caught up in the frenzy of her hero worship. It did other things to me as well. It brightened my whole life, brought a smile to my lips and imparted a sharper edge to my rhetoric. When we fell in love nothing else mattered, neither my staid mentality nor her youthful recklessness. In fact both these conflicting traits lent an intriguing spice to our love.

We were married before the onset of winter. When summer came, we discovered that Kamal was pregnant. We had been planning a holiday in the hills that summer because we hadn't been able to get away on a honeymoon in the conventional sense during the winter term. Now in view of her changed condition, I immediately considered dropping our holi-

MARITAL DEADLOCK

Mayah Balse



"Don't worry Madam," I managed to say. "I'll do my best to get him back. And now, if you'll excuse me..."

I opened the door and quickly guided her to the passage. Lily sniffled, blew her nose loudly — and winked! Out of the corner of my eye I noticed Vaman Rao's curtain drop in a hurry.

I went back into my room and found Kamal examining the photograph on my desk. It was our wedding portrait — a starry-eyed couple looking forward to a rosy future. That had been barely nine months ago. Kamal turned guiltily when she heard me

enter.

"Who was that woman?" she demanded.

"Who, Lily? She... she works in our department. She's a steno."

"And she'd come to you for some dictation, I suppose?"

I breathed more lightly, for Kamal's tone was more sarcastic than suspicious. Perhaps it did not even occur to her that I could be involved sexually with an aged harridan like Lily. Perhaps she was too preoccupied with the problem that had brought her here. I decided to wear

a hurt look and say nothing.

"Bindu's engagement has been fixed for next week," Kamal said abruptly. "You will have to attend."

"Me? Why?"

Kamal suddenly sank on the couch and broke down sobbing. The pent-up emotions of many days finally burst their banks.

"I can't bear it any longer," she wailed. "It's terrible, the way they giggle and talk behind my back — my friends, relatives, all of them. Even Bindu pokes fun at me, tells me I don't know how to keep my man. And now Mummy

day. Imagine my consternation when she sat down on the floor and cried like a child. I stared at her speechless. She didn't seem able to stop the tantrum.

"Kamal," I pleaded, "try to understand. Don't you feel even a tiny sense of responsibility towards the unborn child?"

"No," she cried. "What crime have I committed that you should deprive me of a holiday? Why should I sacrifice my pleasure because of some brat I never wanted in the first place?"

"Kamal!"

When we first discovered her condition, I had been overjoyed. Now I saw in her face a kind of challenge, a frustration which upset me.

"I'm too young to be tied down," she said.

"You're not young, you're immature. You have no sense of responsibility whatsoever," I shouted.

"And you're an old fogey. Your thinking is prehistoric. You may carry on with your outmoded ideas, but please don't sour my happiness."

The truth hit me now. I had overlooked it all along.

"You're a child Kamal," I said. "You have never grown up."

"I am perfectly sane let me tell you," she snapped. "And not retarded as you imply. I have done my B.A. in two different subjects and won laurels both times."

"Some people can be Ph.D.s many times over," I countered, "and still remain babies emotionally."

"Well, thanks for being so explicit. I only wish you had told me what you thought before we went through with this marriage."

She rose and went into the bedroom. I heard the thud of a suitcase and went into the room.

"What are you doing? You shouldn't lift heavy things. Do you want to land up with a miscarriage?"

Her eyes were swimming with tears. "Do you suppose I care?" she replied.

"No, you wouldn't," I said slowly. Then I sat down on the bed.

I couldn't believe our marriage was about to break.

She snapped her bag shut with a defiant gesture and said, "Well, are you coming or not?"

"Where?" I asked.

"On our long delayed holiday, of course," she snapped.

"Sit down, Kamal," I suggested, "and let's discuss this sensibly."

"I don't want to sit down," she bawled. "If you don't want to take me, I will go for a holiday all the same. With my parents. I can't stick the heat of the plains in summer."

"Kamal," I said. "Please try to understand. You have to realise our financial position, too. With

the coming baby, expenses will mount."

"We can always take money from my parents," she said.

"And I will die of shame," I replied.

"Well, you can hug your precious self-respect and sit at home. But don't ask me to join you," she shouted.

"Well, then go," I stormed. "And you needn't come back."

She looked at me wide eyed. Perhaps she had not expected the ultimatum. I didn't give her a chance to relent. In a trice, I fetched a cab. I still don't remember how I walked to the taxi stand. I only remember her stubborn expression as she drove away from me.

"Wake up," said the woman who'd picked me up. "We're home."

She took me in and gave me another drink. To sober up, she said. It was a neat and unpretentious room. There was a single painting on the wall, nothing vulgar. The only thing in the

His wife was emotionally immature and he had been glad when she left him, but he wanted her back now...

room that reeked of immorality was the double bed.

"You stay alone?" I asked.

"Most of the time," she said, drawing on a freshly lit cigarette. "Sometimes I have company."

"Oh."

"Come and sit on the bed," she invited.

I went warily. She picked my spectacles off my nose and put them on a side table.

"Hey," I cried. "What are you doing? I can't see."

"You should wear contact lenses," she said softly. "You have beautiful eyes." Then she took my hand and laid it on her breast. Something electric shot through me. It was over a month since Kamal had gone.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "Even if it's the first time you've made love to a woman who's not your wife."

I wasn't afraid at all, only desperately on fire.

I don't know when I fell asleep. When I woke up it was morning. The chintz curtains were drawn back to let in the sunlight and she was combing her hair before a long mirror.

"I've made some breakfast for you," she said. There was a tray on the table. I got out of bed and made my way to the bathroom,

picking up my clothes from the floor en route.

We had breakfast sitting opposite each other. In the brightness of day, she really looked old enough to be my mother. But her age was carefully camouflaged with foundation and powder, eyeliner and carefully applied lipstick. She must have got up at least an hour before I did, to doll herself up like that.

We ate in silence. When she was pouring the coffee I asked, "Don't you have a family Lily?" I had learnt her name the previous night.

"I did," she said. "He walked out on me."

"Any children?"

"I'm incapable of having any. Perhaps it's a blessing."

She carefully opened a packet and offered me a cigarette. I lit mine and hers too.

"You probably wonder how I managed. If he paid me alimony... He gave me nothing. He was no good. But I had looks, though not much of an education. I got by. In the beginning, I did rather well for myself... I was young, you know. I'm not a tender chick any longer."

"It's ironic," she said. "When you're young, you delude yourself that you're doing it for the money. When you grow old you realise, it's an elemental need."

I saw her many times thereafter, often twice a day. She always gave me a lavish lunch or dinner and drinks as well. When she bought me a suit length I protested, but she wouldn't take "no" for an answer.

I took it home and put it in my almirah. But it gave me a feeling of revulsion just to touch it. A word came unbid into my mind and congealed in front of me. Damning me. Gigolo. I tried to push it away but I knew no peace. That was when I stopped seeing Lily. I didn't ring her up for days and I avoided going to the bar she frequented.

One morning two weeks later, even before I had shaved, there was a knock at the door. I opened it and saw her standing there. She wore a white sari and bright red lipstick. The wrinkles on her face were clearly visible in spite of the heavy make-up. Darkness and subdued electricity hid so many things.

"Hello," she said. "I thought you were sick."

"I'm all right," I replied.

"Aren't you going to invite me in?"

I stood aside to let her enter. But I was embarrassed. The brightness of morning proclaimed her true identity. It showed her up for what she was — an over-painted woman of easy virtue and uncertain age. As a lecturer in the faculty, I had been given quarters on the campus. Now I was afraid my co-workers would see her here.

She sat down in an armchair and I closed the door and drew the curtains. She caught the significance of my actions and said, "Would you rather, I went away?"

"No, Lily, please don't go. It's just that..."

"You're afraid people will see me?" she asked. "Don't worry. I am used to stares. But if you're worried about yourself, it's a different matter."

"I'm not worried about myself," I replied. But I was.

"Why didn't you come over or ring me up all these days?" she asked. I brought her a mug of tea and some biscuits.

"Because I'm a cad I suppose," I replied.

"Let's get this straight," she said. "I'm not seeing you in a professional capacity but as a friend. You understand? As a sincere friend. Why do you think I helped you the first day when you couldn't pay for your drinks?"

"Please don't go on, Lily, I'm sorry. For everything."

She took my hand and kissed it. A strange sound seemed to come from the depths of her throat. Then suddenly she was crying.

"Oh God, I've been so lonely," she cried. She was making too much noise. Right opposite stayed Vaman Rao, the Physics lecturer. He had always eyed me with hostility and would probably jump at an opportunity to ruin my professional life. I went and peeped out of my window and saw his curtain move. He was listening.

I had to take the whore in my arms, if only to stem her outburst. "Lily," I consoled. "Lily, don't cry. I will come and see you everyday, but dry those tears. She rested her head against my shoulder and I put my arms round her.

"You're having second thoughts about getting entangled with me, aren't you?" she queried. "You want Kamal to come back."

She had sensed my thoughts exactly.

"Yes," I whispered against her hair.

In the confusion of her arrival, I had forgotten to bolt the door. It flew open now and in it stood Kamal, visibly pregnant. She gaped at us. I was horrified. I had wanted her to come back all right. But hardly at this moment.

NOW CARRY ON AND CONCLUDE THE STORY...

The author of the prize-winning entry will be awarded Rs. 250. All entries should reach Eve's Weekly, Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023 by December 7, 1977. The length of each entry should be approximately 1500 words.

"Welcome home," she said, stubbing out her cigarette.

I stayed at the door.

"Won't you come in?"

"Tell me what you want, Lily, and let's get done with it."

"I want you," said Lily bluntly. "I've been waiting for you all this while, hoping, hoping. Oh Lord, I've missed you so." Her features quivered, and I was afraid the old hag would start weeping.

"Stop it!" I barked. It had the desired effect. Lily flinched as if she had been struck across the face.

I went up and held her by the shoulders. "Lily, be sensible. What happened between us is a thing of the past. It's over. Finished."

She turned, and looked out of the window, far away. I could see the fabric of her dreams cracking falling to pieces like her own body. I felt a stab of sympathy for her, but resolutely ironed it out. The new phase of my life held no place for Lily. It had to be a clean break. Forever.

"I'll come over sometime and return your...uh...gifts," I mumbled. She was silent. There was nothing more to be said, so I made to leave.

"About Tommy..." began Lily.

I stopped at the door, and turned. "Huh?"

"I wonder if I should tell your wife the truth about my son Tommy."

For a moment I didn't quite catch her meaning. Then it hit me like a bomb. Blackmail! A block of ice congealed and settled in the pit of my stomach.

"Lily!" My voice came out in a croak. "Lily, you wouldn't ruin my marriage, would you?"

Lily shrugged, and began to brush her hair with slow deliberate strokes. I was so strung up I could have strangled the bitch and not regretted it for a moment.

"For God's sake, Lily, what do you want from me?"

Lily smiled. She told me what she wanted. She was nauseatingly direct, made it sound like some sort of business contract.

My body, in return for her discretion.

It was a deadlock — a choice between emotional and physical betrayal. I chose to betray Kamal in the flesh.

And so it began, a tortuous, sordid double life that almost drove me out of my mind. Twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, I reported to Lily, inventing the most fantastic excuses to explain my absence. I struggled to maintain a normal front, and only succeeded in becoming touchy and nervous. Often I would catch Kamal, heavy with child, looking at me str

says it wouldn't look nice if I attended the function without you!"

Poor Kamal. Our separation had been rough on her too. I was glad to have her back, even though I knew she had come out of sheer necessity. All I needed was another chance — time in which to make Kamal realise that marriage meant more than having a man around to escort her to holiday resorts and wedding receptions.

I went up to her, put my arms around her, drew her close.

That very evening, I threw my principles overboard and

moved in with my in-laws. I was determined to save my marriage — at any cost.

The weeks that followed were perhaps the happiest in my life. Kamal mellowed with every passing day. Gradually I coaxed her, as I would a reluctant calf, into the stream of normal married life. And when one night Kamal woke me up and put my hand on her tummy and made me feel the life kicking within her, I knew she wanted the child as much as I did.

"Lily rang up some time ago," said Kamal as she poured tea one evening. I had just returned

from college and was getting ready for a shower.

"Who?" I gaped like an idiot.

Kamal threw her hands up in exasperation. "Your typist Lily, that's who, and she wanted to speak to you personally."

Lily! The name evoked memories that were best forgotten. I wondered why she had called, and decided to see her right away. I rose, and headed for her apartment.

Lily's face sagged with relief when she saw me. Evidently she had not expected me to respond to her call so promptly.



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MIRROR



Those who are fond of travelling must have crossed Nagpur at least once, for the city lies strategically almost in the centre of India. Rail routes from north to south, from north-east to south-west, cross at Nagpur.

Visit Nagpur — take a few days off exclusively for this region — en route to Delhi, or Calcutta, or Bombay, or Madras, and discover the hidden variety of this region for yourself.

ONE DAY EXCURSIONS :

With Nagpur as your base, you can go out on one day excursions to Wardha, Sevagram, Ramtek-Khindsey, and Adasa. All these places are well connected by good roads that form part of the state and national highways.

Sevagram or the "village of service" is a small and unpretentious village symbolizing the Gandhian way of life. Lying about 72 kms. south-west of Nagpur in the Wardha district, Sevagram houses the ashram in which Gandhi lived during his later years and from where he directed the movements of India's struggle for freedom.

Wardha city, six kilometres from Sevagram, is connected with Nagpur by State Transport buses, as well as by passenger and express trains. In fact, almost all trains running south and west from Nagpur to Madras and Bombay halt at Wardha. A special S.T. express bus service is also available connecting Sevagram directly with Nagpur.

There are no hotels at Sevagram, but the community there maintains a guest house where vegetarian food is served.

En route to Sevagram, or on the way back, one can visit Pannar, which lies 6 kms. away from Sevagram and is well known as the home of the Bhodan leader, Vinoba Bhave. The Paramdham ashram, overlooking the Dham river is a picturesque site.

For lovers of ancient temples and archeological sites, a visit to Adasa, 27 kms. from Nagpur is a must. A thoroughly unspoilt, clean village, Adasa houses an ancient temple of Ganesha. The idol in this temple is held as very sacred, and is supposed to be mentioned in the Ganesh Puran. The idol itself is worthy of notice, being a 13½ feet high figure of Ganesha in the dancing pose, the tallest idol in this pose in India.

The Ramtek temple and the Kindsey Lake are other spots worth visiting. The Ramtek temple is a fifth century temple which had been reconstructed in the fifteenth century and is the site where Kalidasa wrote his epic, "Meghadoota". Situated on a hill 42 kms. from Nagpur it is connected by rail as well as the

NAGPUR: worth a long visit

Sathya Saran

Being on the crossroads between north and south and east and west, Nagpur is a city that most travellers have passed through, but few know that it has much to attract the tourist

national highway which leads to Jabalpur. Reaching Ramtek demands only a short detour. One of the attractions here is a newly constructed Kalidas Memorial which holds paintings by renowned artists of Maharashtra on Kalidasa's works.

LONGER EXCURSIONS :

For a somewhat longer stay Nagpur offers a choice of places that are bound to captivate the visitor. There is Navegaon and the sister spot, Nagzira, to the north-east; there is Tadoba to the south on the Nagpur-Madras route; Totladoh and, of course, the winter capital of Madhya Pradesh, Pachmarhi, which in spite of being in Madhya Pradesh is more easily approachable from Nagpur if one is coming from any direction other than Delhi.

Navegaon and Nagzira lie adjacent to each other about 130 kms. from Nagpur. The roads leading to both these places are good. The scenery around Navegaon is breathtakingly beautiful and the lake in the region attracts a variety of migratory birds. A lovely, and very comfortable, log cabin, with a cook attached, is available at Rs. 25/- per suite.

Nagzira is well known for its wild life, which includes panthers and birds. Though accommodation is cheap and easily arranged for, the lack of electricity makes it advisable, and more convenient, for one to stop at Navegaon and visit this forest for a few hours at night. Jeeps with lamps, specially meant for spotting animals, are provided by the forest department on request at nominal rates.

Tadoba, a wild life sanctuary where tigers can be seen lies 202 kms. to the south of Nagpur. The forest road to this place branches off from Chandrapur, which is a developing industrial town with a historic past. There are a number of rest houses here with rates ranging from Rs. 9/- per head per day to beds available in dormitories at 50 paise a day. A canteen serves food, snacks and tea, but advance intimation is required for this facility. Specially at

tractive are the forest huts at Rs. 2/- per day, per hut. The rooms at the rest houses have the facility of having a cook catering to the needs of the visitors. One 25-seater observation coach with arc lamp facility is available at Rs. 6/- per head and a ten-seater mini bus is also available at Rs. 2/- per head. Reservation for either can be made on contacting the Divisional Forest Officer, West Chanda Division. A crocodile farm is an added attraction in this park.

Pachmarhi (3,500 feet), the winter capital of Madhya Pradesh, is a moderately cold hill station famous for its water falls, its ancient hill shrine of Mahadeo, and its green downs. Pachmarhi is only 266 kms. from Nagpur and is connected by good motorable roads and bus services. The rail link is longer and not so convenient. Boarding and lodging are no problem here—the Pachmarhi hotel has 48 rooms at Rs. 10/- per head. Those who are coming from Bhopal can take a detour to this hill station which is 218 kms. from Bhopal. But you would be wiser and happier if you chose one of the PWD rest houses or the PWD dak bungalow to stay in. Not only are the rooms here cheaper by 75 per cent (approximately Rs. 3.50 per suite), but the old world charm of these rest houses is endearing.

There is a lot of sightseeing to do in this small town, which is also the headquarters of the Military Band School. A three day stay would be sufficient, though a week's stay would not pall the senses either. For those who do not mind a little excitement and discomfort, a night's halt at the highest point in the Pachmarhi hills, Dhupgarh, is a must. The sunrise and sunset are breathtaking, as is the view from this point. Dhupgarh offers a rest house at Rs. 2/- per head. There is no electricity here, though.

En route to Pachmarhi, a night's halt at Tamia, a little more than half way to Pachmarhi in a small dak bungalow that is situated on a hill and overlooks a mile-wide valley, is a pleasant experience. The rest house is self sufficient, with a cook and furnished rooms.

If Pachmarhi seems too well known, those with a yen for the new and the unknown can visit Chikaldara (Chikada). Chikaldara, with its rustic landscape, is situated on the southern spurs of the Gavilad hills, part of the Satpura range, in the Amravati district. It is 230 kms. away from Nagpur, but is connected to most major cities by road. The nearest rail head is 100 kms. away, at Amravati. Accommodation here is available in holiday camps, at Rs. 3/- per day. There are also two twin cottages which are leased out at Rs. 5/- per day, service charges extra. There is a circuit house with a cook attached, at Rs. 9 per room and a forest bungalow at Rs. 5 per suite.

Amravati, the base for visiting this hill station is also worth seeing. Historically, Amravati features in the Mahabharata, for Rukmini, wife of Lord Krishna, hailed from here. The temple of Amba still attracts devotees. Amravati also has an unusual leper rehabilitation colony, Tapovan.

EXCURSIONS TO THE INTERIOR :

Further away are the Melghat forests where you can see Project Tiger in action. The base for this, too, is Amravati. Jagdalpur village to the east of Nagpur, too, is worth visiting, specially during the Adivasi festivals that are held in the winter months.

A novel way to travel, if you are going north to Delhi from Nagpur, would be to reach Jabalpur 279 kms. away by bus, see the marble rocks framing the Narmada river, and move on to Khajuraho. What makes the Khajuraho Temples more attractive is the fact that the route to them is dotted with places of tourist interest. There is Panna for example, where one can get to see the diamond mines with permission. Incidentally, staying in Khajuraho is costly, so it is better to stay at Panna which offers a lovely old world rest house at about Rs. 10 per suite.

A night halt at Panna, a day trip to Khajuraho, a few kms. away, and you can then proceed by road to Sagaour, stopping to see the ancient caves at Udayagiri on the way. Another night halt at Sagaour, and the way to Bhopal is straight ahead, with a small stop at the stupa at Sanchi.

Other places that can be best reached from Nagpur are the famous Kanha-Kisli National Park, 270 kms. away, and Jagdalpur in the interior 501 kms. away.

Visit Nagpur and discover for yourself the beauty and variety of Vidarbha and part of M.P. on a budget that will make you wonder whether travelling over such distances can ever be so cheap anywhere else in the country.

TOURIST DELIGHTS IN EASTERN INDIA

Continued from page 15

students are free of cost. The Director and Headmaster respectively can be contacted for accommodation.

RAJGIR: Situated 90 km from Patna, Rajgir is fast becoming famous as a health resort on account of the sulphur springs situated 3 kms. away. These are surrounded by little temples.

Secluded in a green valley, Rajgir was the capital of the mighty empire of Magadha. Principally it is now remembered for its rich associations with the founder of Jainism, Mahavira, and the Buddha. Mahavira spent 14 years of his life in Rajgir and Nalanda. The Buddha delivered some of his famous sermons here.

There is an aerial ropeway chairlift which takes visitors up the Vishwa Shanti stupa on top of the Ratnagiri hill. The chairlift operates daily except on Thursdays and charges Re. 1 per head.

The sulphur springs are at the foot of Vaibhara hill. The water is seen flowing out of animal head spouts. Known as Sapta Dhara it has seven streams. The hottest spring is Brahmakund with a temperature of 45° C.

SHANTINIKETAN: There is the international university, Vishva Bharati, founded by Nobel laureate Rabin-dra Nath Tagore as a place where the cultures of the east and west could meet in fruitful exchange. Shantiniketan was initially an ashram or hermitage

founded in 1863 by Maharshi Devendra Nath, father of Rabin-dra Nath Tagore, who converted it in 1901 into an experimental open-air school with five students on the rolls. His experiment proved successful and in 1921 the Shantiniketan School developed into the international university.

SRINIKETAN: This is a sister institution founded under the inspiration of the poet with the objective of rural reconstruction. It now forms the centre for a wide range of activities such as a co-operative, crafts, work, agriculture, leather, pottery, textiles, etc. There is also a college of agriculture.

Near Sriniketan, a wooded glen is full of deer.

MESSANJORE: A massive dam on the Mayurakshi river has been constructed here. The vast reservoir amidst the hills provides a grand scenic backdrop.

GAYA: one of the foremost Hindu pilgrimage centres in the country, it draws thousands of devout Hindus during Pitrapaksh. This period is considered very propitious for performing shradh and falls between September and October.

Gaya is also associated with the Buddha. He passed through Gaya in quest of truth. Part of his austerities and penance were performed here.

An approximate four-hour sightseeing tour by car covers four places of interest:

Brambhyoni Hill: At the foot is the original Akshyabat or immortal banyan tree where pilgrims make their offerings to their ancestors

and conclude their pilgrimage to Gaya. A Shiva temple is on top of the hill.

Gandhi Mandap: Built in memory of Mahatma Gandhi.

Surya Temple: Dedicated to the God Surya and is situated on the river Sone. It is also the venue of Chhatra festivities.

Vishnupad Temple: Situated on the west bank of river Phalgu, it is said to be built over the footprints of Vishnu. Lying 152 km from Patna and 475 km. from Calcutta, it is linked by road and rail to these cities.

BODHGAYA: A hallowed place for Buddhist pilgrims. For it was in here that the Buddha meditated under a Bodhi tree and attained enlightenment. On this sacred spot now stands the Mahabodhi temple. Several international Buddhist communities have established modern monasteries at Bodhgaya. These are a unique blend of foreign and Indian architecture.

Mahabodhi Temple: Shrine of Supreme Enlightenment, the Mahabodhi temple is unique among north Indian temples in having a spire instead of the usual curvilinear contours. Inside the shrine is a gilded image of the Buddha in the posture of touching the earth.

The Bodhi or peepal tree of Enlightenment is on the western side of the temple. The tree seen today is the direct descendant of the original tree under which the Buddha attained Enlightenment.

Under the Bodhi Tree is a raised platform marking the spot where the Buddha sat in meditation.

rang. Lily grimaced in annoyance and reached for the receiver.

"Yes?" she said, and frowned. "It is your father-in-law," she whispered to me.

I remembered my instructions to Kamal's father that morning. I was to be contacted at Lily's number in an emergency. I grabbed the phone and listened wordlessly to his urgent high-pitched voice.

"I'm coming," I said, and replaced the receiver.

"What's the matter?" asked Lily.

"Kamal has been rushed to hospital," I said woodenly. "It's a premature delivery."

"Oh, my God," she breathed. "Look, what are you waiting for? You must go right away!"

"Shouldn't we have our little session first?" I asked bitterly, seeking to wound her, seeking to numb the pain within me. "I wouldn't like to default on our contract, you know."

Lily sat still for a moment, then buried her face into the pillow and sobbed her heart out.

I waited till she was finished. I was beyond all emotion.

Lily wiped her face across her sleeve, leaving it hideously streaked with mascara and powder. She didn't seem to care any more. "You hate me, don't you?" she asked. I looked at my watch.

"I'm woman too, Professor," said Lily sadly. "I may seem an oversexed, unfeeling whore to you, but deep down I'm still a woman, with a woman's desires and a woman's compassion," she sighed. "I won't come between a woman and her husband in her time of need." She pulled her gown tighter around her pathetic body and lay back on the bed. "Go away," she said, and closed her eyes.

I took the first cab to the hospital. Within minutes of my arrival I learnt that I had become a father. Kamal and the baby were doing fine. My legs felt weak with relief.

I rang up Lily's apartment. The phone buzzed persistently at the other end. I tried several times over the next few hours. There was no answer.



Devi

The entire filmdom is awaiting the Amitabh Bachchan jackpot. Huge sums are locked in the releases scheduled — Chandra Barot's "Don", followed by Gulshan Rai's "Trishul", etc. Salim-Javed had second thoughts about Trishul's screenplay. So there were forty days of re-shooting the film and it was double-fried with maramari masala.

Folk never tire of repeating that Shammi was Sultan's lucky mascot. So much so that Shammi fully believes it and Sultan half believes it. That could be the only reason for Sultan to shove wife number two, Jahanara, into her mama's home, and dish out wife number one, Shammi, for the first rush print of "Ganga Ki Saugandh".

Anyway, once the lucky appearance was over, Shammi has gone back to Nargis, Nimmi, Anju, etc.

Anju and Imtiaz are reduc-

GULZAR:

Presenting Flops

ed to haddi pasli, and Neeta Mehta has added another inch to her height, which makes her out of bounds for Sanjeev.

And that brings us to half-forgotten Gulzar. I wonder why he lends his name to all kinds of films with that silly "A Gulzar presentation," like he is the Metro Goldwyn lion or something. Imagine your name unnecessarily involved with a row of flop films that deserved to flop.

And filmdom's latest is working producers, kitty playing wives and "rough out" sons. When Rahul, son of H. S. Rawail, first decided to "rough out" as assistant to Raj Kapoor, Mrs. Rawail threw a party to announce it. Then Mickey, Shammi Kapoor's son launched on his "roughing out" stint, again with Raj Kapoor, followed by Bunt, Rajendra Kumar's son, again with Raj Kapoor (fourth assistant), and Raj (Sham Behl's son) is fifth assistant to Raj Khosla.

Don't know about the chips' roughing it out, but the parents are turning into superbores, relating the "roughing out" stories of these big guns' sons.

MARITAL DEADLOCK

Continued from page 41

angely, a mute question in her eyes.

Would it be better if I made a clean breast of everything? Not yet, I said to myself, not yet...

It was Saturday morning. Kamal sat close to me as I had breakfast.

"You'll come home early, won't you?" she asked me suddenly. I looked at her in askance, and she took my hands in hers. "I feel uneasy today," she said earnestly. "I'm scared. I need you beside me."

I swallowed. I leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

Saturday afternoon.

"And how's my professor today?" said Lily, stretching languidly on the bed. She drew me down and nuzzled my ear. I slipped my hand mechanically beneath her gown. The sooner I got her aroused, the sooner I would be home. The telephone

Following the milk teeth in childhood we get our permanent teeth. How permanent these teeth will be depends upon several factors and our own habits. If they are taken care of properly and are not subjected to abnormal strains, they can serve you as long as you live, but on the contrary, abnormal strains and unclean habits may result in tooth decay and you may lose your teeth at an early age. Several factors lead to tooth decay, which usually starts with cavity formation and erosion of enamel. Later, as the process progresses the infection may get deep into the tooth and an abscess may result and then it may not be possible to save the tooth.

FACTS ABOUT OUR TEETH:

Teeth are very hard and are embedded in the jaw bones like pegs. They are of various shapes — some are sharp and broad for cutting purposes; like the front teeth, some are conical for tearing, and others are the square type meant for grinding purposes. The outer white portion of the teeth is very hard and is called enamel. This protects the inner soft portion called the pulp. Each tooth is supplied with a branch of nerve and blood vessels.

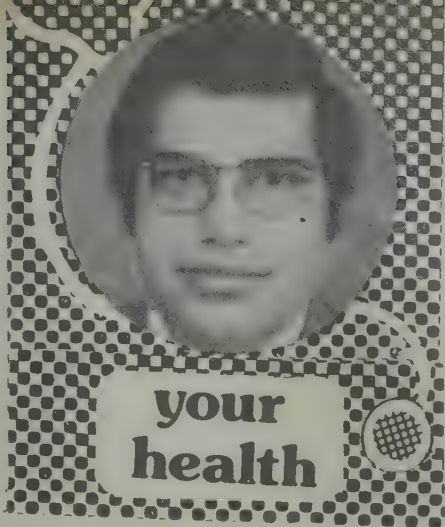
When we eat and chew our food an amazing pressure of upto 300 pounds is created between the grinding teeth. It is possible for teeth to stand this much pressure only if they are healthy and strong.

WHAT IS EROSION?

Erosion is the process of wearing away of the enamel surface of our teeth. This erosion of enamel may be of the biting surface which is usually caused by chewing betel nuts (a habit so common in our country) or may be due to the habit of grinding of teeth in sleep, or may be due to faulty brushing habits.

Erosion of the enamel is also due to hyperacidity of the saliva. Those who consume a lot of

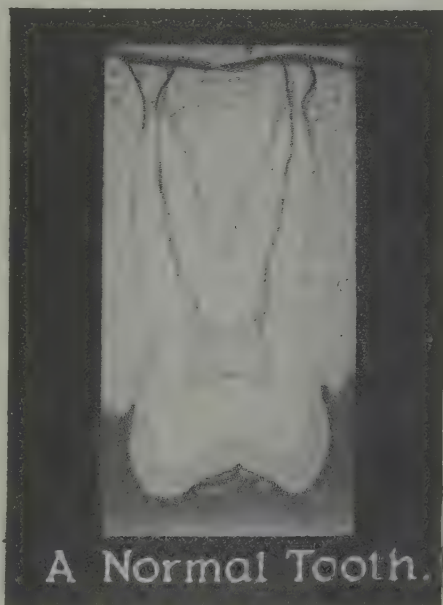
An X-ray of root canal filling.



Dr. Padam Singhvi
Advisers: **Dr. F. D. Mirza**
Dr. S. T. Talim

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

*All about dentures —
how they are made
and how to take care
of them*



A Normal Tooth.

A normal tooth.

sour foodstuffs may get enamel erosion.

Due to abrasion and erosion teeth are worn down, sometimes to half the normal size, making them very sensitive, especially to cold water, also to sweet things. These teeth can be saved by timely treatment.

CAUSES OF TOOTH DECAY:

In tooth decay the enamel suffers first, thus exposing the sensitive inner portion. Chocolates, sweets, toffee and other sticky eatables can remain in the spaces between the teeth and when the mouth is not washed properly these are converted into acids

nerve in it. Drilling is a terrifying thing to look at and the noise it makes often frightens children, but it does not hurt as drilling is done after giving local anaesthesia. This process of drilling and filling takes time and may require a few visits to the dentist.

Filling materials are many. The main ones used are silicate cement, porcelain, acrylic resin, silver and gold. Which material to use is a decision taken by the dentist depending upon the age of the patient, type of tooth and extent of the damage. After proper filling, the teeth are as good as normal, healthy teeth.

by the bacteria in the mouth. This causes decay of the teeth. Bad oral hygiene, gum problems and several other factors can also affect the health of your teeth.

In the initial phase there is no pain while the enamel is being destroyed. When the enamel is lost, cold water, sweets, etc. cause pain. If it is still ignored, the infection can get down into the root of the tooth and can cause an abscess in the socket of the tooth. This is very painful. Mostly, tooth decay occurs because of our ignorance and carelessness. It is estimated that between 55 per cent to 85 per cent of the population have some problem or the other with their teeth.

CAN WE SAVE OUR TEETH?

In the initial phase when cavities form, it is quite easy to save the tooth. All that is required is to clean the cavity of the dirty material and fill it up with a variety of filling material.

Even when the infection has reached the root canal, we can save the tooth by drilling the canal and taking out all the infection along with the sensitive

WHEN TO REMOVE THE TOOTH:

A tooth has to be extracted when it is in a fairly advanced stage of decay and cannot be saved. When the infected tooth troubles the patient incessantly it should be extracted. Also when the infection has reached deep down into the jaw creating an abscess there, the tooth has to be removed. After an injury, if the tooth is badly broken, then the remaining portion may have to be removed. With age, when most of the teeth are lost and only two or three remain, causing obstacles to the making of full dentures, it is advisable to remove them.

REPLACING LOST TEETH:

Some people think that the loss of one or two teeth hardly matters as they do not find any inconvenience in their day to day life. Of course, any loss of the front tooth brings the patient to the dentist early as it affects his looks, but the loss of teeth that are not seen normally is ignored quite conveniently. Very few realise that the loss of even one tooth disturbs the normal alignment

After a denture has been fixed.





Executive



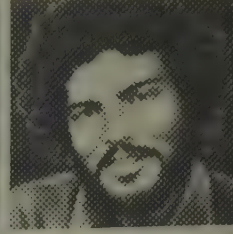
Student



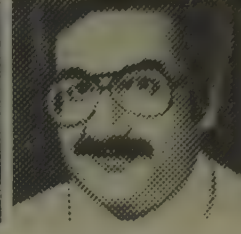
Housewife



Engineer



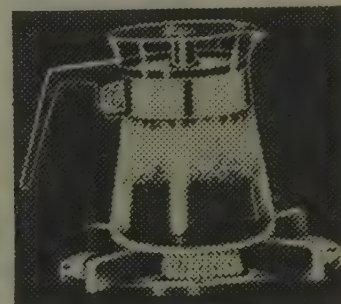
Hen pecked husband



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TILTING AT IMAGINARY WINDMILLS

By Prabha Govind,
Our Staff Writer

OUR YOUNG ENTREPRENEURS

**Battling Against Traditional
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Interviewed by
Meena S. Nemivant,
Our Staff Writer

**SUPPLEMENT ON ELECTRIC
POWER AND ELECTRICAL
EQUIPMENT**

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

and support of the adjoining teeth and also the entire jaw. The gap created by the missing tooth causes the adjacent teeth to move in and the lower jaw tooth to move up which weakens it. Finally, the jaw movements are affected resulting in arthritis of jaw joints. Besides, it affects the voice also. Therefore, it is essential to get a gap filled by an artificial tooth. This may be removable or fixed. Only the last molars — the wisdom teeth — do not need replacement as they are at the end and hence do not affect normal alignment.

Fixed permanent fitting for one or two teeth can be done by bridge making. In this the two adjacent teeth are drilled to smaller size and by taking their support, a bridge is made with the artificial tooth supported by this bridge. This gives an absolutely normal look and it is permanent. Nowadays it is very popular.

The other method is of implantation. Now it is possible to implant a new tooth into the jaw bone like a nail or a peg. These are called implanted dentures. This requires a small operation and once they are fixed properly, they act like normal teeth. This technique is fairly new and costly and is done only at a few places in our country.

These techniques are very delicate and one has to have experienced hands to do the job. Once these teeth are implanted, they not only work satisfactorily but look like normal teeth. The person does not feel anything changed in the mouth — his speech, his articulation and his chewing.

RE-IMPLANTATION OF TOOTH:

Even when the root canal treatment fails, there is a last hope of saving a tooth by this procedure of re-implantation of tooth. In this the rotten tooth is removed from its bony socket and it is treated outside the mouth. Filling and fixing of the crown is done and this tooth is now replaced in the tooth socket with the hope that it will be re-attached. In a good number of patients this does happen and then the tooth functions normally, but all affected teeth cannot be saved by re-implantation. For a successful outcome, the patient should be young and healthy, the surrounding bone and gums should be sound and there should be enough tooth structure left to restore the tooth to normal.

DENTURES:

A denture can replace a single tooth as well as a full complement of teeth, so it is named partial denture or full denture. A denture, if well planned and

constructed, becomes a part and parcel of the oral cavity and does not feel like a foreign body. Dentures are made of a special plastic called Acrylic. A well fitting partial denture works almost like the original tooth and leaves no gap in between. These are supported by the adjoining teeth. Full dentures are removable unless they are fixed into jaw bones by implants. Well made artificial full dentures function like natural teeth to a considerable degree. They help in mastication, speech and also improve the appearance.

articulator. Individual artificial teeth from the ready stock are then set in the wax. These should be set in very carefully for a harmonious denture, good lip support and good facial look.

After the final set of these teeth in wax, moulds are made in plaster of paris which are packed in a metal flask which is boiled for ten minutes. Then the traces of molten wax are removed from the plaster mould and teeth. The space which was occupied by the wax is now filled in by a plastic mix which has the colour of gums. The flask is

warp. It is advisable to keep dentures submerged in water when not in use. Some take them out at night while others use them all the time. Dentures should be cleaned with a denture brush from both inside and outside with soap. Any tartar collected over a period of time should be cleaned by a dentist.

To prevent accidental fall and break, it is advisable to clean dentures over a wash-basin full of water so that even if the denture slips it will fall in water. Dentures should never be cleaned in hot water. Also avoid using any abrasive material like household cleaning powders.

PARTIAL DENTURES:

In older designs the plastic used to cover a major part of the palate, but modern ones have metal castings which leave the palate free for taste purpose. Now, instead of ill-fitting wire clasps, carefully designed cast clasps provide a better fit on natural teeth. These may now be kept on day and night and need be removed only for cleaning.

TEETH AND CANCER:

Due to caries, when the teeth wear out and become sharp, they may produce sores on the tongue or cheeks. Such continuous irritation may cause cancer in some. This can be avoided by giving them jacket crowns.

Constant irritation by sharp and ill fitting wire clips or rough dentures can also produce sores and at times cancer tar may accumulate at the junction of natural teeth and ill fitting dentures or clips due to chewing of tobacco or betel nut and smoking and this may add to the problem. It is of interest to note that the incidence of cancer of the mouth is highest in India.

BROKEN TEETH:

With better materials available almost normal looking crowns can be prepared. At times even if a major part of a tooth is broken but the root is intact, then a new tooth can be fixed there with the support of the root.

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India's largest selling instant.

Ill fitting dentures can be a source of irritation and discomfort to the patient.

HOW DENTURES ARE MADE:

After the extraction of teeth the patient has to wait for a minimum period of about six weeks for the tooth sockets to heal. Normally it takes about six visits to the dentist in a period of about 15 days to construct the upper and lower full dentures.

First the impressions of the upper and lower ridges are taken. Then, with the help of certain gadgets, vertical and horizontal measurements are taken. These relations are transferred to an instrument called the

again closed and cured in boiling water. After cooling, the dentures are removed from the mould and are trimmed and polished.

IMMEDIATE DENTURES:

Dentures can be fitted on the same day as the extraction of teeth. This is done for working people and professionals who can't spare six weeks and do not want to look toothless. The only disadvantage is that after the bone shrinks fully, the patient has to come again for relining. Of course, these dentures have to be made prior to teeth removal.

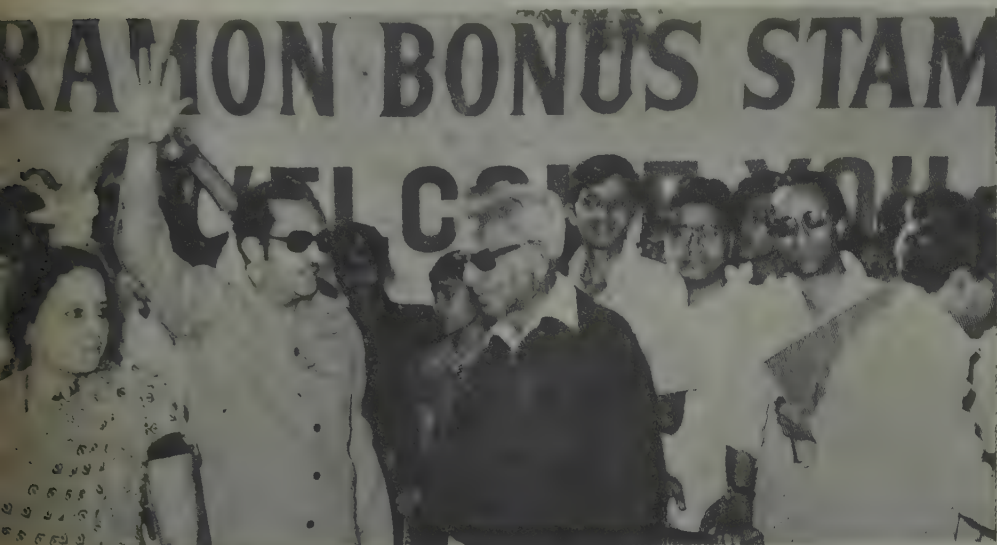
CARE OF DENTURES:

Acrylic, like other plastics, can

CORRECTION

In our January 21 issue, the article "Consumer Action" inadvertently mentioned that The Karnataka Consumer Service Society, Bangalore, is a branch of the Consumer Guidance Society of India. The former society is an independent sister organization which, along with The Consumer Guidance Society of India, is a member of the All India Federation of Consumers Association.

people and events



ABOVE: At the Child Art Exhibition held by Ramon Bonus Stamps in Bombay, Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, chief guest (right), is seen with Mr. G. Chitalia, pres. Indo-US soc.



RIGHT: Mr. C. B. Jain, Dir-Gen., Tourism, and Chairman, PATA, (3rd from right) seen with PATA delegates in Delhi. Mrs. Jain is at ext. right.

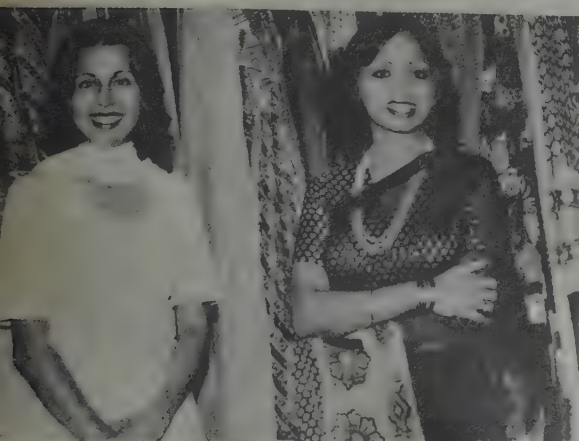


Mrs. Havovi G. Dotivala garlands Mr. Anthony F. Dingle, the Australian Deputy High Commissioner, at the reception hosted by the Indo-Australian Society, to celebrate Australia Day. Mr. H. H. Ismail, vice-president of the Society, looks on.



BELOW: Seen at the "Anand Mela" held by the Udayan Club of Calcutta, are (from left) Rani Gupta and Manju Saraf (convenors of the Ladies' Committee) and members.

ABOVE: Purnima Jha, Kathak artiste from Dehradun, pays homage to her father-cum-guru, Nataraj Shri Shankar Dev Jha. Seen at right is Mr. Soli Batliwala, trustee of the Bhulabhai Memorial Institute, which had organised the show in Bombay.



ABOVE: "Kittikinn" presented an exhibition-cum-sale of sarees and readymade garments in Bombay. Seen here are the organisers and designers (from left) Kamal Hemdev and Uma S. Doddi.



LEFT: Fashion shows were presented by the Sylmar Unit at the 8th Indian Garment Fair organised by the Clothing Manufacturers' Association of India in Madras. Sylla and Nargis Spencer (1st & 3rd from right) of Sylmar are seen with the models.



bombay

The Funds Committee of the Maharashtra State Women's Council organised a children's party, "Lions Den", the proceeds of which will be utilised for the Council's various welfare activities. "Lions Den" was sponsored by Lions Pencils Pvt. Ltd., and was attended by about 500 children and 400 adults. An added attraction this year was an on-the-spot drawing competition of "King of the Jungle" by the children.

A fireworks display by Crompton Greaves Ltd., was also arranged.

The president of the Council, Mrs. Saroj Apté, welcomed the chief guest, Mr. Shadilal Jain.

The Council has recently started a Home for Foundlings and Destitute Children upto six years of age. Sponsored by the Lotus Trust, and housed in idyllic surroundings behind the Lotus Cinema in Worli, the accent in this home will be on love and individual care for the destitute children. The Council also plans to provide adoptive or foster parents to the foundlings, thereby entrusting them to a home — the need and birth-right of every child.

The Junior Red Cross Committee (Maharashtra St. Branch, Indian Red Cross Soc.) held its Annual Entertainment and Prize Distribution function last month. Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali presided and distributed the prizes.

Bombay's Mayor, Mr. Deora, inaugurating Colgate-Palmolive's Young India Sports Complex at Kherwadi Bandra East, lauded Colgate-Palmolive's efforts to encourage sports.

Mr. H. Rai, managing director of Colgate-Palmolive, outlined the background of the "Young India" Programme which was initiated three years ago. He expressed the Company's intention to construct similar sports complexes in other major cities.

On the inauguration day, an Athletics Meet was held.

Mr. B. G. Deshmukh, Municipal Commissioner, presented sports kits, donated by Colgate-Palmolive, to headmasters of all the 14 municipal schools located near the sports complex.

An exhibition-cum-sale of plants by Mrs. Shreya Dalal at the Aakar Art Gallery was

really "a very different experience in gardening".

Displayed in rock trays and hangings created out of burnt wood, jute and cane, Mrs. Dalal's exotic plants attracted a large crowd. What highlighted the exhibition was that the plants had been made to grow sideways, to make ideal wall-coverings.

Mrs. Dalal's main objective behind this exhibition was to show that the beauty and greenery of gardens can easily be brought into the cramped flats of cities.

The Andhra Pradesh calamity's effect on two of our distinguished artists was given creative expression by them. Art Heritage held an exhibition of these works of M. F. Husain and Laxma Gaud at the Jehangir Art Gallery. The proceeds of the sale will go to the TOI Cyclone Fund. Husain's paintings had one theme: 'The Cyclonic Silence', while Laxma Gaud's brought out the grotesque and macabre aspects of 'Andhra In Anguish'.

On January 26, 1978, Ramon Bonus Stamps organised a painting competition at Victoria Gardens for children in the age group 4 — 16 years. The 650 entries reflected a unique sense of creativity on the part of the children.

The panel of judges comprised Mr. Digambernath Kulkarni, Mr. Joshi and Mrs. Rekha Rao. The chief guest was Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyaya. Prizes were given by Ramon Bonus Stamps and Camlin Pvt. Ltd.

delhi

Air India organised a Golf Competition for the PATA delegates with a delightful lunch. Mrs. Fyze won the Ladies' Trophy and Mr. Hirau of Japan was the winner of the '78 PATA Air India Maharaja Trophy. Mrs. S. G. Srinivasan, wife of the Regional Director, India, Air India, gave away the prizes to the winners.

calcutta

An exhibition of art pottery by the Singh family — Gurcharan Singh, his son Mansimran Singh and his daughter-in-law, Audrey Singh —

was held at the Decor Service's Art gallery. Eighty-year-old Gurcharan Singh is one of the pioneers in ceramics who popularised the concept of glazing in India. The exhibition includes a variety of coffee sets, bowls, vases, lamp bases and tableware, comprising egg cups, casseroles and wine goblets in a variety of shapes—ovals, circles, sphericals and rectangles. The colours ranged from jade greens to chocolate browns, and the famed Delhi blue.

madras

The Entyce (Fabrics) Fashion Rainbow was launched at Coimbatore on January 26, 1978. Thirty-two outfits of all types were exhibited by six models, all of them from Madras. The function was a tremendous success. Mrs. Moinudeen, wife of the Collector of Coimbatore, graced the occasion. The Fashion Parade was organised and conducted by Efficient Publicities, Madras, and sponsored by the Inner Wheel and Rotaract Clubs of Coimbatore.

coimbatore

Under the auspices of the Programme Committee of the Y.W.C.A. a contest in driving skills for women was organised for the first time, and a number of entries were received. Mrs. Sheila Sebastian came first and Mrs. Prasanna Madhavan was second. The first car of the contest was flagged off by Mrs. S. Kuruvilla, the Eve's Weekly Correspondent. The Madras Motor Sports Club took an active part in making the arrangements. Prizes were distributed by Mrs. Dastur. The Chairman of the Programme, Mrs. Zubaida Asgar Ali, needs to be congratulated for this novel venture.

In the Calcutta item of People and Events (Feb. 11) the Jnanpith Award winner's name should read Mrs. Ashapura Devi instead of Mrs. Annapurna Devi. The error is regretted.

world of eve



UMA PRAKASH

Uma Prakash is an imaginative housewife. During her husband's tenure at Simla,

Uma Prakash utilized her leisure hours hunting out traditional silver jewellery. This she had reset with semi-precious stones — garnets, moonstone, smokey topaz and even bone and coral. The result: an exclusive collection of silver.

She has been popularising her creations through exhibitions. Concentrating on necklaces mainly, Uma turns out pieces to suit every taste — "and pocket." A novel and popular item is her key chain made from pendants. Uma has some unique antique pieces in her collection.

Says Uma, "When I create something I like, it pains me to give it away or sell it. So, it ends up as part of my personal collection."

Uma plans to go in for export.



SAVITA NARAIN

Savita Narain, PRO of the Star Textile Engineering Works Ltd. is the only woman executive in her firm — handling a variety of assignments.

The most important of them has been handling the Bombay firm's new branch in Singapore. She was sent there last year during the INDEE '77, the first Indian Engineering Exhibition held abroad. That was when she had just joined the firm, and this was a sort of test.

Her regular portfolio is export monitoring, supervising the advertising of the Star group of companies, and assisting the firm's Chairman.

Savita finds her job very exciting. Previously, she taught in Cochin and did freelance sales work for a travel agency in Calcutta.

Savita feels it is necessary for a woman to work and be economically independent.

"Women work better than men," she says, "because they have fresher minds and extra creativity."

Working outside has given her a new self-confidence, she says. "I can now guide my daughters in choosing suitable careers." She wants to make sure that they avoid the teething problems she faced.

madam im adam

I swear it will never happen to me again! Phyllis was at fault. In a moment of insanity, she'd bought five tickets to an improvised Children's Concert. Tickets were a rupee each and the show was at the house of Arun (12), who evidently thought his home was the Patkar Hall.

On reaching Arun's place, we were led into a large room lit up with thousand-watt bulbs. I should have brought my dark glasses. There were about 70 chairs in rows, balloons festooned the ceiling and up ahead was the stage. Blankets suspended from a rope formed the curtain. Then a bell rang I thought the house had caught fire, but it was only to announce the start of the show.

Item one was Suni'a playing on the piano, The Teddybear's Picnic. It was incredible. Her left hand kept a bar behind her right. She fluffed three lines, stopped, repeated. And in the crashing finale, she hit a wrong note. I tell you, folks, until that evening I never had anything against teddybears.

Norma Alphonso has nothing to worry about!

Next was a skit rather imaginatively entitled Body Heat. The scene was a hospital room with a doctor in white, a nurse, also in white, and a little boy covered up in bed. The doctor and the nurse shared the dialogue. They brought in authentic medical terms and how they pronounced them without dislocating

their jaws I'll never know. The doctor, truly, was a consummate actor. (Adi Marzban, take note.) The nurse was good but a little nervous. The boy in bed was lying so damn still I felt like running on to the stage and holding a mirror to his nose.

The cast: Doctor — Roy (16); Nurse — Trudy (13); Boy in bed — Glen (10).

Next, our old pal, Arun, to recite one of his own compositions — Beneath The Wheel. I'm damned if I knew a kid that young read Hermann Hesse. It was about a soldier being tortured in a Spanish prison. Talk about blood and gore! When the soldier was weak, Arun's voice hit the basement. When the soldier was being tortured, Arun's voice hit the fan.

You couldn't look at the scanning under a microscope, but his diction was studiously immaculate.

Then a violin solo by Desh (14). He tried to play something called Moonlight Serenade. He didn't succeed! Whatta waste of moonlight! I turned to Phyllis and said, "They shoulda left the strings in the cat."

This was followed by a piano duet, I Wonder Why, played by Roma (12) and Babita (13). If Steinway were there, he'd have scraped his name off the piano. As the item ended, I wondered why the hell it had started.

Next, a song by Bessie (13) entitled Danny Boy, with piano accompaniment by Jayshree (51 — at least). I'll tell you this — Bessie had a melodious voice. But as you know, there's a pas-

sage in "Danny Boy" that hits some high notes. Well, Bessie shoulda come equipped with a ladder. But she tried — hard. When she was through, I looked at my watch to see if the glass had splintered.

Then came an item called Romeo And Juliet by Romeo (4 — yes, 4) and Juliet (10). What originality! But surprise, surprise! When the blankets were drawn Romeo sat on the stage, Juliet in a chair. Romeo was a black-and-white dog of decidedly mixed origin — but damn well trained. It went like this, Juliet issued commands — Romeo obeyed. "Romeo, bring my slippers" . . . "Romeo, bring me the newspaper" . . . "Romeo, beg for the audience" . . . and so on. The end was a dream. "Romeo, do you love me?" Romeo put his paws on Juliet's knees and licked her all over her face. They shoulda put a medal on a ribbon and strung it round Romeo's neck!

Space now only for a quick run! A squeeze-box item by Janice (12) playing Irish Lullaby. I didn't understand it, and yawned prodigiously. Spanish and French group dances. The Spanish would have created a speed record if put on a track. The French clearly showed that pink is the favoured colour for panties this year. Last, the whole damn cast yelled GOOD LUCK, GOOD HEALTH, GOD BLESS YOU. It was so loud some of the balloons burst!

If you asked me which item I liked best — you know how I'd answer you? I'd bark!

G'bye now!

Adam

next
week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF MARCH 4, 1978

PROBLEMS OF ADOPTION :

There are over a million destitute children without homes, love and care. There are any number of childless couples. Why then are there not more adoptions in India?

THE KAUN-YIN FOUNDATION :

Many a hopeless, homeless child from distant lands has found love and security through the good offices of

this voluntary organisation in Canada.

THE ALL-INDIA WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

The leaders of India's women met recently in Patna, discussed the problems facing Indian women, and passed resolutions demanding amelioration of prevailing conditions. But are they in touch with their rural sisters who bear most of the burdens foisted on women by the dominant male?



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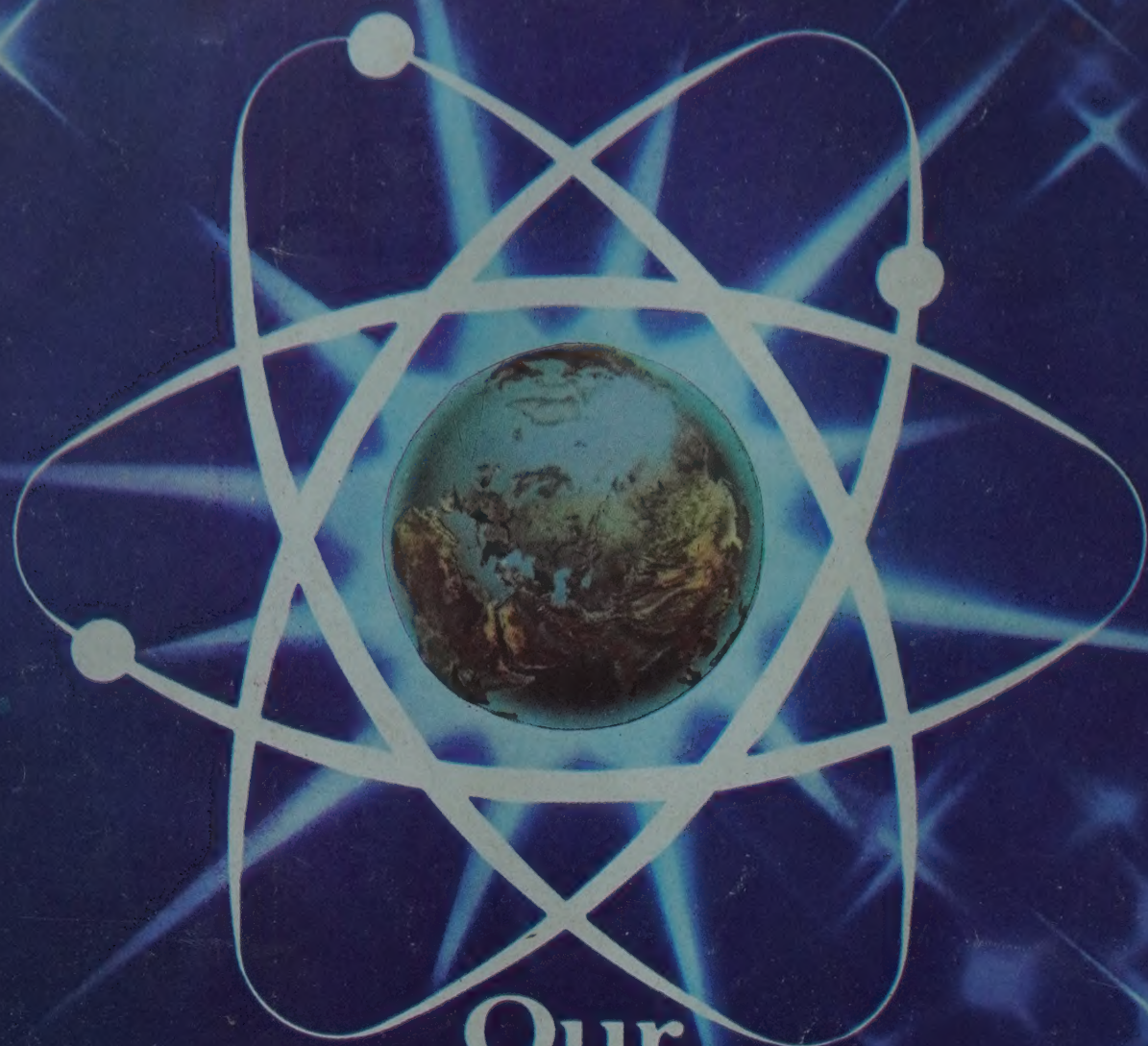
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